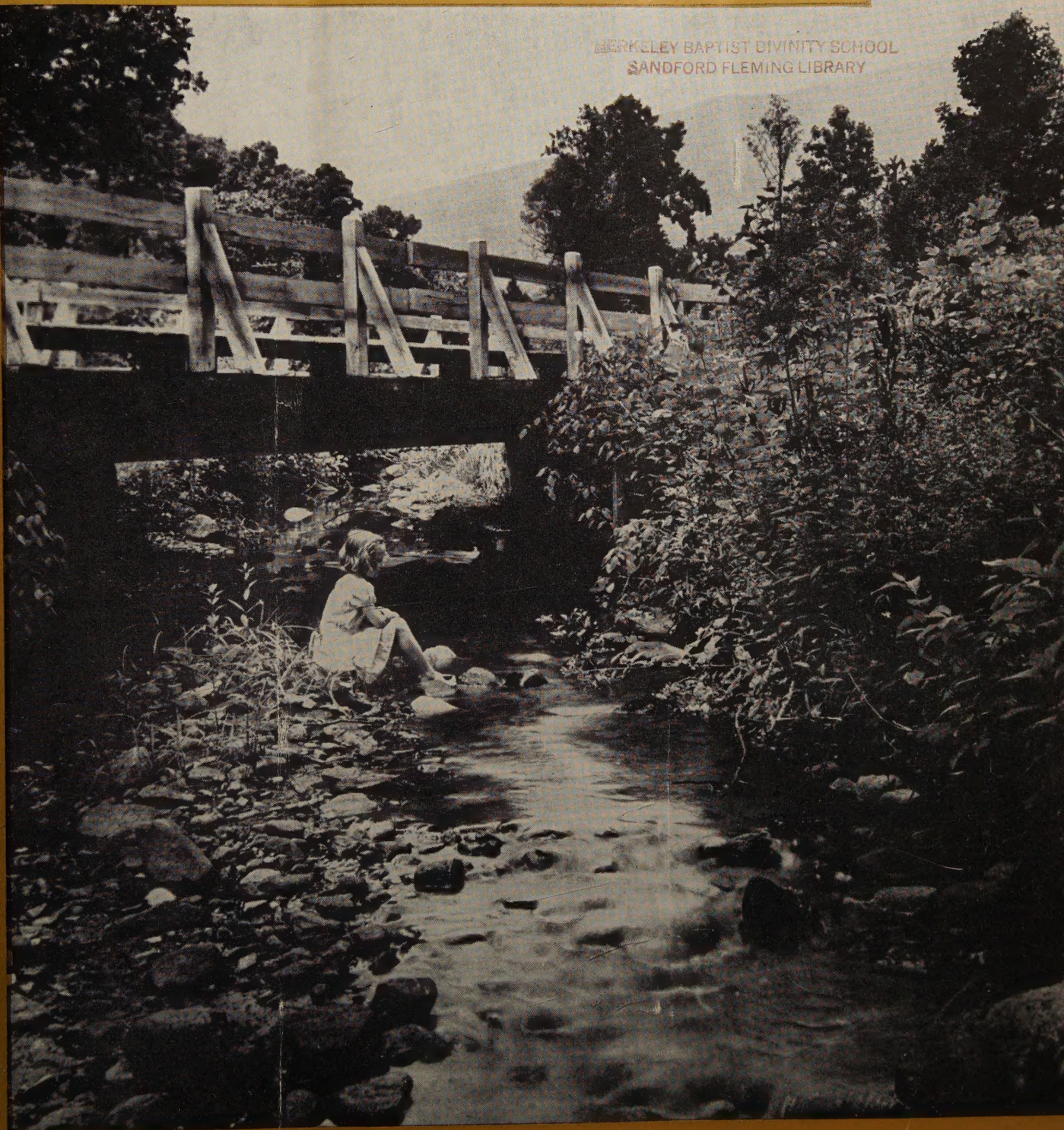


The *Magazine for the Christian Home*  
**Hearthstone**

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- **My Son Lives—Anonymous**
- **She Loves Shut-In Children—Frances P. Reid**

**APRIL, 1956 — 25c**



# The Magazine for the Christian Home Hearthstone

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COVER: photo by RNS

Published Jointly Each Month By

#### Christian Board of Publication

WILBUR H. CRAMBLET, *President*  
Beaumont and Pine Boulevard  
Box 179, St. Louis 3, Missouri

#### The American Baptist Publication Society

LUTHER WESLEY SMITH, *Executive Secretary*  
1703 Chestnut St., Philadelphia 3, Pa.

Vol. 8

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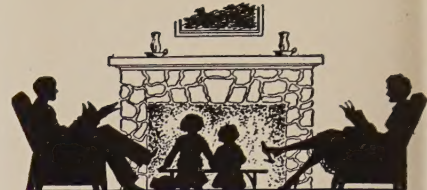
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No. 4

Entered as second-class matter at the Post Office at St. Louis, Mo., under Act of March 3, 1879. Additional entry at Philadelphia, Pa.

All books and printed matter referred to in *Hearthstone* may be ordered from either publishing house. All prices are subject to change without notice. The Scripture quotations are from the Revised Standard Version of the Holy Bible, copyright by the Division of Christian Education of the National Council of the Churches of Christ in the U. S. A., 1946, 1952. Used by permission. Price, 25 cents per single copy; five or more copies to one address, 20 cents each (60 cents per quarter); single subscriptions, \$3.00 per year. Copyright 1956 by the Christian Board of Publication and the American Baptist Publication Society.

Printed in St. Louis, Mo., U. S. A.



You're Not So Bad Off

A minister once admonished his congregation to be thankful for their status in life, no matter how undesirable it might be, for it could always be worse. As an analogy he told of a time when he was trying to snatch a few hours of repose in a Pullman berth but was unable to sleep because of the loud noises made by the wheels of the train. While he was bemoaning this wretched state of affairs, he suddenly thought, "Be glad that you're in a nice warm bed instead of under the wheels of the train."

A teacher that I had in high school told us one day, "You may be blind, deaf, and crippled, but, by gosh, there's someone in the world who's worse off than that."

When you're ready to throw in the sponge because "things just don't seem to be going right," remember that they could be worse. When unmellicious adjectives are on the tip of your tongue because the car won't start on a cold winter morning, swallow the harsh words and say instead, "So what if the car won't start! I can always catch a bus just half a block away."

Is this hard to do? Sure it is, until it becomes a habit—a good habit.

**What's Here?** This is an exceptionally fine issue of *Hearthstone* with articles that you won't want to miss.

If you find it hard to talk about death to your small children, you will find many valuable suggestions in "David, Danny, and Death," by Louise Griffiths.

After many bitter, grief-filled months a mother learned that her son, killed by a car, still lives and is in God's care. Parents who have had a similar experience will want to read "My Son Lives." Others will profit from reading it, too.

Having extra shekels in the family treasury sounds rather enticing, *n'est-ce pas?* Well, it does have its advantages, to be sure; but if mother has to be away from home all day to bring about this pecuniary increase, and if her teen-agers are neglected as a result, then she had better think again about taking a job. "A Dual Income and Your Teen-Agers," by Louise C. Horton, deals with this problem. Better read it, Mom, if you are in a quandry.

You'll like our fiction for this month—"Strew Gladness," by Elizabeth Pemple. The space-helmet crowd will like "Willy and the Baby Chicks," by Margaret S. Hadden.

**What's Coming?** Titles to look for are "Parents Are Stand-Ins for God," "Mother to Our Whole Army," "Is Your Home Creating Delinquents?" and many others.

So long

S. W.



# THE WORLD

## ● Safe Driving Called Practical Religion

Chicago—Safe driving is an application of practical religion, according to Ned Dearborn, president of the National Safety Council. He said the current complicated traffic system is bringing a new concept of auto drivers' responsibility.

"Today's driver must drive to protect other drivers and pedestrians on the highways and streets," he said. "This is a modern application of practical religion. In the true sense of the word, the man behind the wheel must now be his brother's keeper."

"Unless the public is aroused to recognize this, we won't have the drastic reduction in traffic deaths that any civilized nation has a right to expect and demand."

Over 35,000 deaths have occurred on U. S. Highways each year for about ten years. A crusade to cut that number in half is one which all can endorse.

## ● Churches Ask for Liberalized Immigration

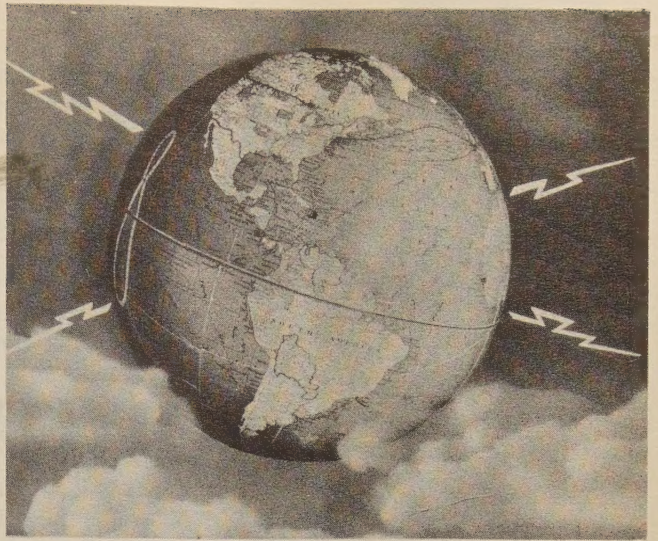
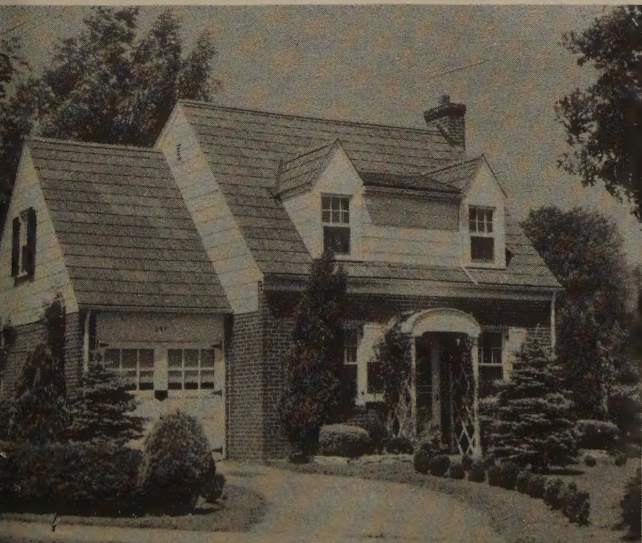
Washington, D. C.—Representatives of Protestant, Roman Catholic, and Jewish groups urged Congress to liberalize the McCarran-Walter Immigration Act. They particularly asked that the system of immigration quotas based on race and national origin be eliminated or modified.

Among those who testified were Dr. Eugene Carson Blake, president of the National Council of Churches; the Rev. William J. Gibbons, S. J., for the National Catholic Welfare Conference; and Rabbi Abraham J. Feldman, president of the Synagogue Council of America.

Dr. Blake told the subcommittee that all discrimination based on race or color should be stricken from U. S. Immigration law. "We believe that legislation which reflects a mood of racial bias is utterly alien to our heritage as a free people," he said, "and to the Christian concept of human worth."

While rejecting the "idea of unlimited immigration," Dr.

*H. Armstrong Roberts*



*H. Armstrong Roberts*

Blake said the quota system should be "more flexible." Quotas assigned to countries which are not presently sending emigrants to America should be pooled and given to "persecuted victims of totalitarian regimes or victims of national calamity."

"At a time when the United States is striving to strengthen its own institutions of democratic freedom and its ties of comradeship with the freedom-loving people of the earth," he continued, "we believe that Congress should seek to bring our immigration legislation into conformity with the principles of justice and fair play."

Other speakers concurred with these remarks by the president of the National Council of Churches.

## ● Protect Children from Prejudice

Geneva—Messages stressing the need to protect youngsters from prejudice were sent on World's Children's Day to the International Union for Child Welfare here by leaders of various countries working against discrimination.

The observance was instituted by the Union in 1952 to aid world efforts on behalf of children. Both the Vatican and the World Council of Churches have approved it. The 1955 theme was "The Duty to Protect the Child Regardless of All Considerations of Race, Nationality, or Creed."

Among those who sent messages was former French President Vincent Auriol, president of the World Veterans' Federation.

"Prejudice is never more odious than when applied to children," he wrote. "To protect the child from prejudice is a way not only of preserving him from the social evil of hate but also of educating him to feel the equality and dignity of all human beings—in other words of preparing men to be free and brotherly and of working toward the establishment of a peaceful world society."

# AT YOUR FRONT DOOR



# David, Danny and Death

By Louise Griffiths

It was bulb planting time. And seed gathering time. And garden clean-up time. There was a whisper of frost in the air. Danny, age three, David, five and a half, and their parents were putting flower seeds in marked envelopes, raking leaves, and planting some bulbs that a neighbor had thinned out of her garden. There was much talking and singing and thinking as work progressed.

David: Do you think there will be frost tonight? Daddy said so. May I cover the flowers like we did last year?

Mother: It wouldn't hurt. It's getting pretty cold.

Danny: Why? Will the flowers get colds?

David: No, silly. They'll die.

Danny: What's die?

David: It's what the flowers do in the fall. See? Here's a dead one, all stiff and brown.

Danny: Won't it ever grow again?

David: Of course. That's why

we're gathering seeds.

Mother: David is right, Danny. See? This used to be a flower. It has finished making the yard pretty and has turned into little seeds. Hold out your hand. See the little black seeds? We'll save them until next spring when it gets warm again. Then you can plant them, and they'll grow into new plants.

Danny: I'm going to plant some now.

David: No, Danny. Winter is coming. It gets too cold in winter. The seeds would die if you planted them now, wouldn't they, Mommy?

Mother: Yes, many seeds would. The seeds we are gathering would. Some plants have seeds that stand the cold and live in the ground all winter, then bloom again in the spring. Daffodil bulbs are like that. I have some that you may plant, Danny. We'll plant them rather deep and cover them up. Then next spring they'll grow and have flowers.

Danny: Flowers die, but their seeds make them grow again.

David: They make many, many, many flowers grow. Look how many seeds this one flower made. God had a good idea when he thought of seeds, didn't he?

Danny: I want to plant—what, Mommy?

Mother: Bulbs. They're in a basket in the garage, David. Danny, use your wheelbarrow and get some sand from your sandbox.

Danny: Why?

Mother: You'll see. Hurry. It's getting cool. I'll spade up the place for the bulbs.

Father: Let me. I finished the bean patch. I'll burn the vines after the boys are in bed.

David: (Bringing bulbs) I want to help, Daddy. Please, Daddy.

Father: Oh, you hear too much. I thought you wanted to cover the flowers. Get some stones while I do the spading, and I'll help you.

David: Why some stones?

Father: To keep the papers from blowing all over the neighbors' yards in the night if a wind comes up. Get some newspapers from the basement, too.

David: I don't want to.

Father: Oh, I thought you were big enough now that you're in school. I guess you're not big enough to help me burn the bean vines either.

David: Yes I am. Yes I am. I'll get the papers.

Danny: Here's the sand.

Mother: Good. We'll put some in this ditch. Then you can put the bulbs in like this. I know a song about planting bulbs. It goes—"Sleep, sleep, sleep little bulb. . . ." (They sing as they plant.)

Mother: I think it's time for a little boy to sleep now.

Danny was hustled into bed. David came running in soon after, having "helped" with the bean vine fire. The usual reading was dispensed with because the garden work had taken so long. Instead of reading, all sang the bulb planting song. Mommy and Daddy kissed the boys good night, went into the living room, and all was quiet—for about three minutes. Then Danny called, and Mother went to him.



Danny: Mommy, when people die, do they grow again?

Mother: No, Danny. People aren't quite like flowers.

Danny: What do they do with dead people? Burn them?

David: No, silly. They put them in the ground and put statues on them.

Danny: What are statues?

Mother: David means big stones like those in the cemetery near the church.

Danny: Are dead people planted there? Do those big stones keep them from growing?

Mother: No, Danny. People's bodies do not grow again after they die. The stones just help other people remember them; but people's ideas, the things they said, and their hearts, their souls, keep on growing.

David: Just like the flower seeds.

Danny: I'm going to think of the flowers that will grow from the seeds that we saved. Good night. (Danny always wanted "some-

thing to think about" while going to sleep.)

Mother and Daddy had scarcely left the room when there was another call.

Danny: Mommy, we didn't say, "Thank you."

Mother: But we sang, and it is late. You may, though, if you wish.

Danny: Thank you, God, for flowers and for seeds to make flowers grow again.

David: Thank you, God, for your good idea about seeds so that there always will be flowers, and things won't ever die—all the way.

Both: (Sing) Thank you, God, for everything,

Thank you, thank you, thank you.

The following spring, the boys had their first personal experience with death. Their grandfather, whom they had greatly admired, died suddenly. He had worked with the boys and their father just a few days before, pruning and preparing the garden for planting.

The boys were taken by their mother to their grandmother's home to help her in her hours of need; so they were in the thick of all the planning and talking. There was little time for questions and answers during the days, and the boys didn't often ask questions in daylight. Perhaps they didn't have to. They could get many answers just by listening. There was so much talk. At night, however, as always just before the "good nights," questions popped, and conversation such as the following took place:

Danny: What's a funeral?

Mother: It's something like church. People sing and pray and think about the person who has died. There will be a sermon when the minister will remind people of all the good things Grandpa did. Everybody will thank God for his good life.

Danny: Where is Grandpa now?

(Continued on page 6.)

**Parents who are baffled about how to explain death to their children will find many of the answers to their problems solved in this article.**

Two small boys can ask many questions about death. Their questions should be answered within the scope of their understanding.

Bob Bishop from Don Knight





# A Dual Income and Your Teen-Agers

*Before the lady of the house decides to enter the business world, she should decide whether she has good reasons for taking a job outside the home.*

**M**OTHER, does your family need two incomes? Do you feel that it is necessary for you to take another job in addition to the one you already have as wife and mother? Before you give serious consideration to taking an outside job, be certain that you with your husband think all the possibilities through carefully and pretty well determine the effects such a move would have upon you and upon the teenagers in your family.

Your first responsibility, of course, is and must be your family. There are certain conditions, however, under which it can be proper, and even advisable, for you to take employment outside of the home. You may decide upon such a course if your family is in dire financial need, and the essentials of everyday living depend upon your earning extra income.

On the other hand if your children are now in high school, and your hours of work will permit you to be home when they are home, an outside job may be feasible. It would then be possible for you to take outside employment without cheating your teen-agers of time and attention which are rightfully theirs.

Helping you think about this second possibility is the main concern of this article. You may find yourself in a position where an outside job, while not absolutely necessary, would do much to ease your family's financial problems and provide some important extra advantages to the high-schoolers in your family. By giving the matter a little thought beforehand you can make a job work for you and for your children in other ways than financial ones. Properly

planned for, it can add to and enrich the lives of your maturing children rather than hurt them.

In this interest you may want to decide that the extra money you make will be saved for things of lasting value, and not used just to "keep up with the Joneses." The desire to have bigger, better, more expensive possessions than your neighbors have is, in itself, hardly a worthy motive for taking on outside work. You will need to face the fact that there are many things you might be tempted to use your money for, such as more costly clothes than your husband can afford to give you, fancy new conveniences and appliances, the luxury of an extra radio, television set, automobile, and/or expensive entertaining. These are all material things, and not one of them is

*(Continued on page 11)*



# Music from Heaven

By Jessica Lee

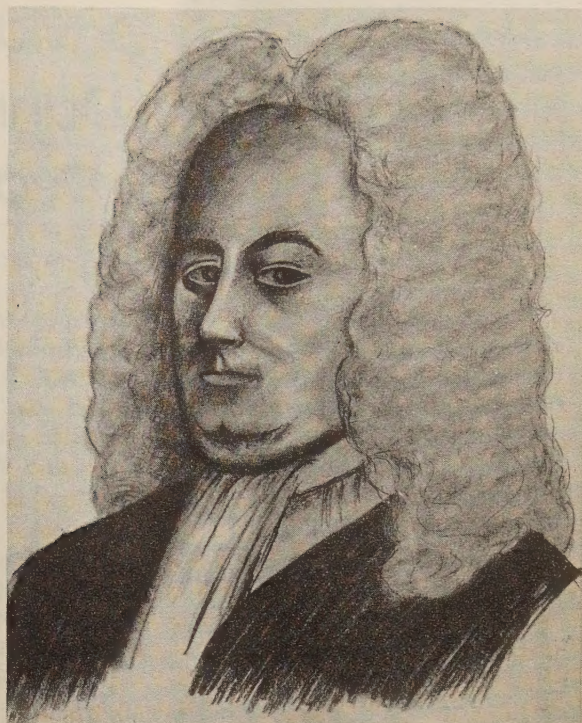


Illustration by MacDonald

GEORGE Frederic Handel leaned against the rail of the ship, trying to make up his mind. He was on his way to Ireland, this brisk November day of 1741, at the invitation of the Governor General, to produce a series of musical programs in Dublin during the spring season. Did he dare to risk including the new oratorio he was carrying in his suitcase? It was called "The Messiah," and dealt with the birth, death, and resurrection of Jesus. He had composed it the summer before in just three weeks. The music had poured out of him so fast that he could hardly write it down quickly enough. And such music!

"If only," the musician thought sadly, staring out over the gloomy, slate-blue waters, "my last two oratorios had not failed—"

But they had, and badly, leaving him almost penniless. The lofty place he had enjoyed for so many years in the musical world of London had been lost. Yet many qualified critics, including George the Second, had thought both oratorios excellent.

Still undecided, Handel arrived in Dublin. After

what had happened in London he was both touched and encouraged at the enthusiasm that greeted him.

"I'll do it!" he decided. "I'll produce 'The Messiah'!"

"The Messiah" took Dublin by storm. By popular demand it was repeated a second time. Elated, Handel returned to London. This oratorio, in his own estimation his finest work, would restore his lost prestige.

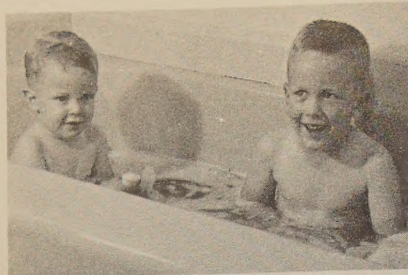
Incredibly, London received "The Messiah" coldly. Barely enough seats were sold to give five performances, even though the king had leaped to his feet with enthusiasm as the last thrilling notes of the Hallelujah Chorus had rung through the hall.

Heartbroken, Handel retired to Tunbridge Wells. The shock of the failure of "The Messiah" was harder to rally from, because this oratorio meant more to him than anything else he had composed. His body racked with pain. He began to brood. Usually a sociable man, he avoided people. Dark rumors began

(Continued on page 28)

*"I did think I did see all heaven  
before me and the great God himself."*





## David, Danny and Death

(Continued from page 3)

Mother: His body is at the funeral home.

Danny: What's a funeral home? Don't they put him in a—

David: Cemetery? Sure. After the funeral.

Mother: That's right. After the funeral, they will take him to a cemetery and leave his body there. They will dig a hole in the ground, then put the casket—

Danny: What's a—

Mother: A casket is a big box. They put Grandpa's body in the box, and put the box in the ground. After it is covered up with earth, they will put a stone over it. The stone will have Grandpa's name on it.

David: I heard them talking about flowers and about hymn books. What did they mean? Will they plant flowers at his grave?

Danny: What's a grave?

Mother: The grave is the place where they bury the box. But to answer you, David. When a person dies, friends often send flowers to put in the church when they have the funeral. They do this to show their love; but some people prefer to make a gift of some kind that Grandpa would like them to make.

David: But Grandpa is dead. He couldn't use a gift.

Mother: No, he couldn't use the hymnbooks that one of Grandpa's clubs is giving. They will give the hymnbooks to Grandpa's church. Grandpa loved music, and he loved his church. He wanted the church to have new hymnbooks. So this club is going to give the hymnbooks to the church in Grandpa's memory instead of flowers.

David: That's a good idea. It will help Grandpa to keep on work-

ing for the church, won't it?

Danny: But Grandpa liked flowers, too.

David: But the flowers will die and won't do anybody any good. That's what Aunt Ruth said. The hymnbooks will help people, and she said that another club is giving money to the crippled children's home because Grandpa liked children.

Mother: Yes, a number of people are feeling that way, and I'm sure Grandpa is glad they are helping to keep his work going. Many people, though, are sending flowers because, like you, Danny, they remember how he loved flowers.

David: I heard you talking about us kids not going to the funeral. Why can't we go?

Mother: Well, we did think it might be best for all of you children to stay here at Grandma's during the funeral. One of Grandma's friends is going to stay with you. There'll be ten or twelve boys and girls, and I'm sure you'll have a good time.

David: But I'd like to go.

Danny: I don't want to stay here. I want to go with you.

Mother: Oh, I wouldn't mind taking you; but I really think it would be better for you to stay here. You probably would get very tired at the funeral. The service may be quite long. You wouldn't understand much of it. And you'd have to sit very still. Besides, you boys don't need to be reminded of how good Grandpa was. You know. I should think you'd rather stay here and play in Grandpa's yard, among his flower beds, instead of sitting through the long funeral. The crocuses and snowdrops that you

helped Grandpa plant are coming up, you know.

Danny: That's what I'm going to do. I'm going to think about the new flowers. Good night.

David said nothing about his plans. In fact, he was so still that his mother thought he was asleep. Some time later, however, the folks in the living room were startled by a whispered call. David was peeping around the corner, motioning to his mother. She went to him.

David: Please, may I go to the funeral? Please! I want to see what it's like. It may be years before there's another one! Please!

David went, and Danny stayed at home. Before they left their grandmother's house, they planted some new bulbs for him.

David came running into the house during the afternoon.

David: Mother, Tommy says that when people die, they go to a place up in the sky. They live up there with Jesus, and they look down and see everything we do. Does Grandpa see us now?

Mother: David, I don't know. No one really knows. As long as people have lived, they have wondered about what happens to people's souls after their bodies have died, and they have figured out many possible ideas. But we do know that Jesus promised that we would live in a very wonderful way. We can count on that.

David: What are souls? Tommy says the sisters at his church say people turn into angels. Is that what you mean?

Mother: No, not exactly. I think a person's soul is—well, his mind, his ideas, his heart, his feelings. It's his self.

David: But not his body.

Mother: That's right. When you say "I," you don't mean your hand or your foot. You mean something inside you, don't you?

David: Yes. That's what didn't die when Jesus was crucified. But Tommy says Jesus went to Heaven, body and all. He says good people go to live with him, but bad people go to a place of fire and boiling lava under the ground, called hell. There's a place called purgatory, too.

Mother: Many people, long ago



and today, have had such ideas, but just as many people have found other ways of thinking about what happens after death. Even in the Bible we find different ideas about life after death.

David: What do you think?

Mother: Well, David, maybe I haven't finished. I'm still reading my Bible, thinking, and praying to God to guide my thinking. I told you I don't know whether Grandpa sees us. I don't know many things. But I am sure of one thing. Whether Grandpa lives anywhere now as he used to live in Cincinnati, whether he sees us or not, I know his thoughts, his ways, his love, are still here. I know, too, that if there is a place such as Tommy describes, where all good people live on, Grandpa must be there, for he was a good man. In fact, I think such goodness must surely live on. Jesus' spirit is alive. Grandpa's must be, too.

David: What about the bad place?

Mother: I don't know any more about it than I do about heaven, but I don't worry much about a bad place after death. I figure that if I live as well as I can, it won't make any difference

returned, and David shouted:

David: Hey, Mom! We've got some tadpoles. May I have a jar for them?

\* \* \*

It was summer. The tomato plants were in bloom. Danny was using his little hoe to loosen the soil around the plant that Daddy had said could be his. Suddenly, he dropped his hoe and ran into the house.

Danny: Mother! We found a tiny tomato on our tomato plant!

Mother: You did? How wonderful! Don't let Johnny (Danny's playmate) knock off the blossoms. They'll all turn into tomatoes if they aren't hurt, you know.

Danny: John isn't out there.

Mother: Oh, I thought you said "we." Is David there?

Danny: No. I meant Grandpa.

Mother was too surprised to speak for a moment. In that moment David appeared, having overheard the conversation.

David: Danny, you know Grandpa isn't out in the garden.

Danny: I know. But his heart is.

\* \* \*

The tropical fish called "White Cloud Mountain" was to Danny the most wonderful fish in the boys' aquarium. His increasing admiration for the tiny creature began to worry Danny's parents. So they tried to pave the way for any misfortune that might befall White Cloud Mountain. They made casual remarks such as these:

Mother: We have no way of knowing how long these fish will last. We don't know how old they were when Lou gave them to us. Everything dies when it gets old.

Father: Yes, everything—and everyone gets his rest after he has worked hard.

Mother: That's right. When people and pets have finished their work, they die. I'll bet these little fish have made many people happy. The boys certainly like them. When they go, we'll have to get a few more.

The day came when White Cloud Mountain looked weak. Salt water and increased heat seemed

to help for a while, but after several days of doctoring, White Cloud Mountain died. Danny spoke his grief, wishing it had not died, but he did not cry. He made a grave and remarked: "You finished your work, fishy. Now you can rest. We'll get another fish just like you to make our house happy."

\* \* \*

Sunday night supper always was a special time. Weekday meals usually were prepared and presented with the least possible work by the rather busy mother, but Sunday night meals were done properly—with best dishes and silver, candles, and a centerpiece prepared by the boys—with Mother's help.

One week David whispered to Mother a poem that he had learned in school and asked if he could say it on Sunday night. He wanted to say the poem and make the centerpiece to match it. Mother agreed, provided he would let Danny help. Then David asked if Mother would bake a loaf of bread for Sunday night. Mother seldom did this, but she said she would.

Thus it happened that the Sunday evening supper table had a rather large centerpiece, unartistic but very meaningful. The boys had made a mill out of Tinker Toy sticks. Beneath this mill was the loaf of bread. Around the loaf were little dishes of earth, water, flour, and seeds. Danny had made a drawing of the sun. David recited the poem:

"Back of the loaf is the snowy flour,

Back of the flour, the mill,

Back of the mill is the sun and the shower,

The soil and the Father's will."

During the meal Danny was quiet, now and then making the wheel on the mill turn in spite of his parents' reminders to eat. Finally, he asked a question.

Danny: What's back of a tree?

David: A seed. And back of the seed is another tree that dropped it.

Danny: What's back of a house?

David: Trees! That's funny.

(Continued on page 30)

### It's a fact:

**"Precarious" literally means "full of prayer."**

to me if there is a bad place. See?

David: Sure. But—I wish I could tell Tommy what we believe. He says he knows there's a place. They even have pictures of it in his church.

Mother: I know. People have tried to picture their ideas. They're drawings, not snapshots.

David: That's right. I'm going to tell him that.

David went out, and Mother wondered what David would say. Before he had had time to say anything, however, Tommy and David



**P**LUP, PLOP, plp. Plp. Plp., over and over. Nancy lay, half-asleep, half-aware of the marching notes of rain drumming on the roof, splashing against the windows, dripping from the gutters.

*Oh, no*, she rebelled, *not rain again!* Spring rains you expected, of course, but you certainly didn't expect them to pour on drearily day after day and week after week, without beginning and without end. The gentle rain from heaven. Hah! Deprived of sunshine's reveille, she lay still, as though her own stillness might somehow communicate itself to the others and hold them yet a bit longer in sleep.

And in this too brief hiatus between waking and working she contemplated the day that lay before her: all that telephoning for the P.T.A. play, the cake for the church food sale, the wash—always and forever the wash to be dried somehow. And Petey had a cold, which Jimmy and Anne would surely catch if they had to play indoors after school. All in all, it promised to be an "Oh, dear" sort of day—nothing "Oh, boy!" about it.

"Mmmm," said Pete. "Go back to—"

Sounds from the hall interrupted him. Feet. Scurrying, scuffling, rushing feet. Three pairs of feet. The feet came nearer.

"Hi, Daddy. Hi, Mummy."

"Can we get up?"

"What are we going to have for breakfast?"

"What do I have to wear?"

The day had begun.

Petey didn't want cereal for breakfast.

"No cereal," he announced, timing his refusal with his father's dash out the door for the train. "I hate it. Not unless it's Corn Pops."

"We haven't any Corn Pops," Nancy said. "Eat your Wheaties."

"I don't want any cereal, either," said Anne, "if I can't have Corn Pops."

"Neither do I," said Jimmy, coming into the kitchen half-dressed. "Mother, I can't find my pants."

Nancy went on dishing out the cereal. "Did you look in your closet? I hung them up."

tormented their betters. They fixed their mother with their glittering eyes. "We-don't-want-any-cereal, we-don't-want-any-cereal."

Nancy fixed them. "Eat your cereal," she ordered, "if you want to see Howdy Doody today." *Now really*, she admonished herself, *was that necessary so early in the morning?* She placated them. "Let's put some raisins on it."

FOR A FEW minutes their spoons scraped anxiously, and then it was time for school. It was always time for something before something else was finished.

"Petey," Nancy said, "you go play somewhere while Jimmy and Anne get ready for school."

"Why?" asked Petey, sniffing.

"Let me blow your nose," said Nancy. "A good one. A *good* one, Petey."

"Why?" asked Petey, sniffing.

"Because it's stuffed up."

"No. Why do I have to go play somewhere?"

"Because," said Nancy. "Please. Anne, where are your rubbers? Jimmy's are right here, but I don't see yours."

## BY ELIZABETH PEMPLE

At a slight movement from the other bed she glanced toward her husband, sleeping as usual right up to the whirl of the alarm. How young Pete still looked when he was asleep, hardly older than the carefree college boy he had been when they were married ten years and three children ago. A lifetime ago. He looked younger than she would ever look again.

"Pete. It's seven o'clock."

"You did?" Jimmy's voice rose with unfailing surprise at this unaccountable whim of his mother's. "Well, when I come back, I don't want any cereal."

"I-don't-want-any-cereal."

"I-don't-want-any-cereal."

"I-don't-want-any-cereal."

One by one at first, then in loud unison, the children chanted that tantalizing, tuneless sing-song with which generations of children have

"I don't know," said Anne. "*Must* I wear rubbers?"

"Yes, my love. It's raining."

"Sandy didn't wear any rubbers yesterday, and it was raining then, too."

"Maybe she hasn't any rubbers." Nancy consciously kept her patience.

"Yes, she has. I know she has. Her mother just isn't scared of a little rain the way you are."



"I don't want any rubbers, either," Jimmy chimed in. "Mine are too small for my new shoes."

"Wear your old ones today, then. It won't matter for once."

"They hurt my feet," Jimmy countered virtuously.

"Well, wear something—your sneakers, then. Your rubbers will fit over them, won't they?" Nancy felt her voice rising, and it was not yet eight o'clock.

"I guess so." Jimmy moved, creeping like a snail, to the stairs.

Nancy concentrated on Anne. "What about you, Anne? Where do you think your rubbers are?"

"I don't know. I can't find them," Anne answered absently, leafing through a comic book she had picked out of the air.

"Anne! Pay attention." *Don't yell at your children.* "They're probably right where you left them." She turned her head. "There, over by the door. I thought you said you looked." Why could children never find the obvious and then ferret out something like last year's jack-o'-lantern? Even now she could feel

Nancy. "You're going to wear your raincoat. You, too, Jimmy," to her older son, who was returning besneakered.

"Me? A raincoat!" Jimmy exclaimed, posturing like a youthful Barrymore.

"Your raincoats," said Nancy. "Forthwith."

EVENTUALLY they were gone. There remained only Petey, the dishes, the beds, the wash, the dusting, and the rain. If you didn't count the P.T.A. and the cake. Nancy went to the sink. Petey was there ahead of her, staring raptly as water gushed out of the faucet.

"Petey! What are you doing?"

"Looking at the water," said Petey reasonably.

"Well, you can't look at it any more, dear. I have to wash the dishes."

"Can I go out?"

"Petey! In the rain?"

"Jimmy and Anne did."

"But they have to go to school."

"When can I go to school?"

"In another year." Nancy

Her next-door neighbor, who had no children and a cleaning woman twice a week, felt like chatting. Nancy made herself talk politely for ten minutes while almost half of the program that absorbed Petey slipped by. It didn't really take very long to change the dishwasher; it just seemed long.

She was on her way upstairs to the beds when Petey claimed her again.

"Now what can I do? I haven't got anybody to play with."

Nancy considered his troubled little face. Poor child, it was raining for him, too. "Would you like to help me make the beds?" she asked generously.

Again Nancy started up the stairs, this time with Petey at her heels. She was at the top step when the doorbell chimed the gay little notes she had thought so charming in the store. *I won't answer it*, she told herself again, and turned to tell Petey. Petey had evaporated. His voice came clearly from the back hall.

"Sure, she's home, who do you think is taking care of me?"

## STREW GLADNESS

that thing leering at her behind her back from the counter where Anne had tossed it yesterday, abandoned after ten minutes of re-discovery. "Put them on now, while I get your raincoat."

"My raincoat!" Anne flung the word at her with the scorn of an outraged eight-year-old. "Everybody will call me chicken!"

It would be so much easier just to give in. "It's raining," said

glanced at the clock. "But in another minute it will be time for your cowboy program. Come on."

She blew Petey's nose, settled him at the television set, and returned to her dishes, all within five minutes; and just as she got her hands wet the telephone rang. *I won't answer it*, she told herself, *I don't care who*—The ringing stopped; Petey was speaking.

"Hello. Hello. Hello."

"Petey!" she called. Reaching the door, she scolded him gently, in the special voice mothers use for scoldings when they are not alone with their children. "That's not a very nice way to talk." *You hypocrite*, she chided herself. *He doesn't mean to be rude—you wouldn't even have opened the door.* Because there was no help for it, she smiled at the man standing there. "Hello."



Cautiously he smiled back, testing the atmosphere. Then, without paragraphing, he delivered page one of the salesman's manual for Super-Siding, the new incredibly effective house covering which his company was introducing to discriminating buyers like Nancy and her husband at an incredibly low price. Nancy let him finish.

"I'm sorry," she smiled again. "I just don't like siding."

"But ours is—" he broke off abruptly. "Okay, lady, if that's the way you feel about it." He stared at her, and the smile began to pull awkwardly at her mouth. "Lady, d'you know something?"

"No," answered Nancy, feeling it to be literally true. "What?"

"You got the youngest looking smile of any mother I ever seen."

Nancy stood and stared in her turn. Pleased out of all reason by the unexpected compliment, she felt her brain to be all thumbs; she could think of no saving pleasantry to fill in the silence.

Nancy stood and stared. Pleased out of all reason by the unexpected compliment, she felt her brain to be all thumbs; she could think of no saving pleasantry to fill in the silence.

"Yessir," the man repeated, "the youngest looking smile of any mother I ever seen. Me, I notice smiles. Mostly people don't bother."

Nancy recovered her compo-

sure, wondering with a twinge of conscience what the man would think if he knew she hadn't intended to take the time to answer the door. "Thank you," she said. Graciously she smiled at him again. "Thank you very much."

"I mean it, lady," the man said. "The life I lead, I don't go around passing out bouquets much."

WHEN HE had gone Petey returned contentedly to the television and Nancy went at last to the beds. Her fingers flew over them, and she was downstairs again in no time. The youngest looking smile—she made the cake in a minute. The youngest looking smile—she hung the wash in the cellar and telephoned for the P.T.A. The youngest looking smile—

Nothing had changed, really. Nothing but the color of her world. Did it make that much difference, a funny little compliment from a stranger? With a start she remembered once she had wanted to say exactly the same thing to that shabby Mrs. Smith, who thought nobody knew her husband drank up all his pay. Instead you said polite little nothings, and remarked when someone had on a new dress.

The afternoon was like all the other rainy afternoons, but Nancy walked serenely through the confusion. The youngest looking smile—the words were a talisman. The children were licking the frosting bowl when the minister's wife came for the cake.

"We almost forgot about you, dear," she said in her beautifully modulated voice. "The food sale's half over, but I'm sure they'll still be glad to have your cake." She laughed apologetically. *The poor soul, Nancy thought, always having to mollify people who think they've been slighted. I'm glad as I can be that I'm not a minister's wife.*

"That's perfectly all right," she said. "I just wish I could have brought it up to you myself—I know how many things you have on your mind."

The minister's wife laughed again, a small sound in a house used to large ones. Her hand went

to her glasses in a tired gesture. "How are all of you? I haven't seen you lately."

"Fine, thanks," Nancy answered automatically. "Except Petey has a cold." *What a lovely voice she has, she thought. She makes the most commonplace remark sound like poetry.* "And how are you and Mr. Harris?"

"Oh, fine, thanks," said the minister's wife. "Tired, like everybody else. Getting old, I guess." Picking up the cake, she smiled and turned to go. Nancy had an idea. She touched the other woman's shoulder, lightly restraining her.

"Do you know something, Mrs. Harris?"

The minister's wife raised her eyebrows.

"I could listen to you talk forever. Do you know you have the prettiest voice I ever heard?"

For an instant the minister's wife didn't answer. Then she, too, smiled, a gentle warming smile,



and Nancy could fairly see the years and the fatigue slip away from her.

"Why, thank you, Nancy," she said softly. "Thank you very much."



## ● A Dual Income and Your Teen-Agers

(Continued from page 4)

necessary. You can live, and live well, without any one of them. If you take an outside job, before you go overboard for a lot of these things, consider the effects they might have on your teen-age sons and daughters.

Today's high powered advertisers bombard you and the other members of your family with daily reminders of how all-important material things are. From radio, television, newspapers, magazines, billboards, and car ads, you are told to buy the finest television set, the latest and sportiest car, the newest refrigerator, the most modern furniture, and the smartest clothes. You must remember that because of such advertising your children may come to have a false sense of values unless you yourself teach them differently. How you spend the extra money your job may make available can make much difference in the attitude your teen-agers develop with respect to money and material things. It may lead them to focus their attention entirely on material things, or it may help them to concentrate on spiritual and cultural achievements. If you take that outside job, manage and use your money in such a way that it helps your teen-agers develop a high standard of values.

Here are some worthy motives which might impel you to take an outside job because it would make possible some extra advantages for your children. You might want to provide a college education for your teen-agers. If by working you can help provide this advantage for them, your job can really make a fine contribution to their lives. You may want, for your family and your sons and daughters, the extra security provided by a bank account. If you work to save money rather than to spend it, you can help teach your teen-agers the value of money. If they know that the bank account is being built up to help provide essen-

tial things for their future, they will begin to see that there are some things that are more important than hot-rod cars and formal gowns. You may want to help your husband buy a new home. If you are living in a crowded city apartment or in a small house, an outside job can help you move to a new home in a location which is more advantageous to your teen-agers. This, too, is something the young people can understand. It can teach them much about what is really worth while in life. You may seek a richer use of the leisure time you do have with your teen-agers. If the extra money you are making will provide cultural advantages for your family, advantages you would otherwise be unable to afford, your teen-agers will notice the value you put on things that have spiritual and cultural significance. A library of good books and/or good classical records is of lasting value. The works that go into such a library can be selected to suit the special interests of the different members of your

family. This would provide the family with a worthy project and result in a highly interesting library. Extra money can also make it possible for the members of your family to attend worth-while lectures, discussions, symphonies, and recitals. Or, it can provide a special vacation which would do wonders for you and your family. Again, you may want an outside job because of what it can help you make of yourself as a person. Perhaps a job can take you out of yourself, widen your horizon to include new things and different interests, and help you keep up with the interests of your teen-agers.

The above-mentioned factors might all suggest that it would be advantageous for you to take a job outside the home. You should, however, be sure that your genuine purposes are similar to those mentioned above. If, on the other hand, your reason for wanting a job is to provide, not spiritual or cultural advantages, but merely material luxuries, and if the job

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would keep you away from home when your teen-agers were there and needed you, then you should think twice before going to work. Luxuries can never take the place of love and understanding. Consider the case of young Johnny.

Johnny was fifteen years old, thin, lanky, and careless in manner. The police arrested him while he was driving a stolen car. Fifteen years old and a thief! Nothing moved him. He could look at his mother's tears and his father's worried brow with indifference.

"Why did you do it? Haven't we been good parents?" asked his father.

"We have always given you everything, Johnny," sobbed his mother. "What have we done wrong?"

Johnny only shrugged. He could not tell them because he did not know. He did know that everything seemed wrong, terribly wrong. A strange, rebellious, lost feeling that he could not quite put into words welled up in his throat. He merely shrugged and turned away.

"Coldhearted," someone said.

It was not true.

Johnny was lost and afraid, and he was not going to let anyone know about it. So he acted tough, and they called him coldhearted. Johnny's toughness was just a front that he maintained to hide the confusion in his heart. Who planted the confusion? His parents! By giving him everything he wanted they had denied him much that he needed. His mother had taken a job in order to give him things they could not afford on the father's income alone: a TV set for his own room, a wrist-watch, an expensive coat, an orchid for his girl.

What his mother actually accomplished was to rob him of something very important to a young boy—his initiative. Not one of his material possessions had Johnny earned through his own efforts. His parents had taught him only one philosophy: If you

want something, ask for it. He easily moved from that to another philosophy: If you want something, take it. So when he wanted a car, he took it.

Exaggerated? Not at all.

A favorite cry of parents when teen-agers get into trouble is, "I don't understand it. We have given him everything." Or, "Why did she do it? We have given her every advantage a girl could want."

Not all teen-age offenders come from poor or neglected homes. More than you probably imagine come from middle-class and well-to-do families. All come from "poor" parents; poor, that is, in what they have given to their children. For these parents have given their children a disastrous set of values. Johnny's mother, by working merely in the interest of providing luxuries, convinced her son that "things" were more important than other values.

Johnny had all the "advantages." But when he came home from school sick at heart the day he failed to make the football team, his mother was not there. The Saturday morning he wanted his mother to listen to a speech he had memorized, she hurried him through breakfast because she was "working today to make a little overtime money." The night he gave the speech at school, Mother was too tired to go, and it was Father's bowling night. The teachers told him it was a good speech, but the two people who should have mattered most in his life were not there to hear it.

In the lives of teen-agers, understanding, sympathy, and companionship are essential. Yet many young people today are living without them. They are living without the spiritual advantages that are associated with these things, and with parental love.

As your son or daughter grows into adulthood, he will need a set of Christian principles by which to make decisions and choices. He will also need the initiative and power to decide things for himself.

He will need the will to resist temptation, and an understanding of the rights of others.

You must not expect the church school or the minister to do all this kind of work. They can do much for your child, but they need your help and backing.

Mothers train the future citizens of the country. This is a full-time job and the greatest in the world. A father's job is to work and earn money to provide the necessities of life and the few carefully chosen luxuries that are within his means. You do your child no favor when you teach him to live beyond his means, or when you teach him to prefer unimportant material things to really important spiritual values.

So, if you take that job—

1. Be sure of your reasons for taking it.

2. Avoid the kind of hours that will deprive your teen-agers of your presence, counsel, and understanding. Arrange your working hours so that you can be at home when they are at home.

3. Avoid taking the kind of work that will wear you out. This tends to deprive your teen-agers of your real presence as effectively as though you were not at home.

4. Explain to your teen-agers why you are working, what you expect to gain, and what they can do to help. Include them in your plans.

5. Be certain that your husband is agreeable to your working. If he objects, listen to his reasons. The job should be taken only after mutual agreement. No job is worth dissension in the home, and the damaging effect it can have on teen-age young people. If you feel your family will not have to suffer for it, and you want to, then work. Be sure, though, that your outside job will add to the happiness of the members of your family, and to the values your teen-agers are determining. Only if it does, can you be justified in taking employment outside the home.



# *A Promise Came Out of Easter*

When you were a child, was it a miracle to you how a beautiful butterfly could emerge from a dull, drab, lifeless cocoon? Perhaps even yet you do not understand how such a thing can be. A tree, barren in winter, is suddenly covered with new, green leaves when the warm, sunny days of spring arrive. In the spring flowers that appeared to be dead burst into glorious blossoms.



Many centuries ago Christ died on a cross on Calvary so that we could have eternal life. His resurrection is a promise that hopes and dreams and things of the spirit do not die with the physical body.

The verdure that returns to the earth each spring is God's continuing promise to his children of life forevermore.

—Sue H. Wollam

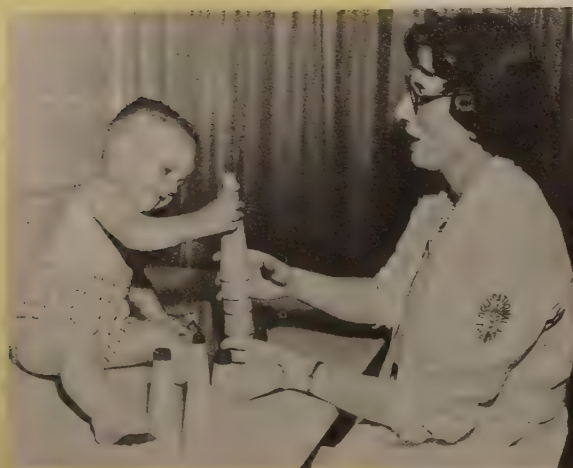




Young Robert, a post polio patient, gives studious attention to new braces being fitted by a registered physical therapist at an Easter Seal center.

# it's time to buy Easter

Photos from the  
National Society  
for Crippled  
Children and Adults



Guided play is fun for two-year-old Johnny, burned by scalding water. Learning to pile colored cones under the experienced eyes of a trained occupational therapist at an Easter Seal center is part of Johnny's rehabilitation. As he plays, he gains vitally needed exercise.



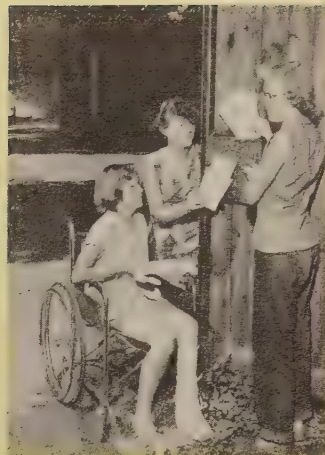
Physical therapy is an important Easter Seal service. Alice, in working a bicycle jigsaw to achieve reciprocal motion and to strengthen her leg muscles, is also acquiring techniques of a job that may be an important factor in her total rehabilitation.



# Seals



Jerry and Mike head through the woods for a few weeks of healthful relaxation and treatment at an Easter Seal camp. Each year, as funds permit, more and more crippled boys and girls are given camping experience.



Mary, Jane, and Kay are among the youngsters enjoying the facilities of an Easter Seal camp. A new social experience, camping plays a vital role in the total rehabilitation program for crippled children supported by the use of Easter Seals.

Joan is learning to overcome a speech handicap at an Easter Seal treatment center. Speech therapy is only one of the many services made possible through the use of Easter Seals.





# my son LIVES

*An anonymous mother conquers her bitterness and grief  
and learns that her boy, killed by a car, lives in  
spirit and is still in God's love and care.*

ONE year ago my eight-year-old son, Donny, was killed by a car. Thousands of children die in accidents each year, but a grieving mother sees only the walls closing in on her own sorrow. I was a mother who could not reconcile herself to her loss.

On the morning Donny had died, I had prayed as I always did, committing my son to God's protection for the day. How then, I reasoned, could God deliberately ignore my prayer and take my boy's life? I knew mothers who never prayed, and their sons were living. In the days that passed I enviously watched these boys, and my cup of bitterness increased until it was full to overflowing. I stayed away from church, unwilling to hear Bible readings like David, who had fasted and prayed while his son lay ill and then reasserted his faith when his son was dead. How could any truly grieving parent reaffirm faith in death? The effort was beyond me.

I had no near relatives to comfort me. What friends my husband and I had made in the new city where we had come to live, I shunned. These friends were unacquainted with death, and so I wanted none of the sympathy they could in no way feel.

My husband was employed in a rubber factory, the 6 to 12 evening shift. As soon as David was out of the house each night, I would rush out myself. I walked the lonely streets of the still

strange city, hating every car that sped by and crying, crying, crying. I could not remain at home where everywhere I saw a poignant reminder of Donny—his room, just as he left it; the cellar workshop where he had worked on his model planes, his beloved tousled head bent over a wing tip; the scuff marks on the back hall wallpaper where he kicked off his boots and hollered his cheery, "Hi, Mom!" The black stray kitten he had brought home under his jacket and who was now growing into a full-size cat. "Why, why, why?" I asked myself over and over again. And no answer came.

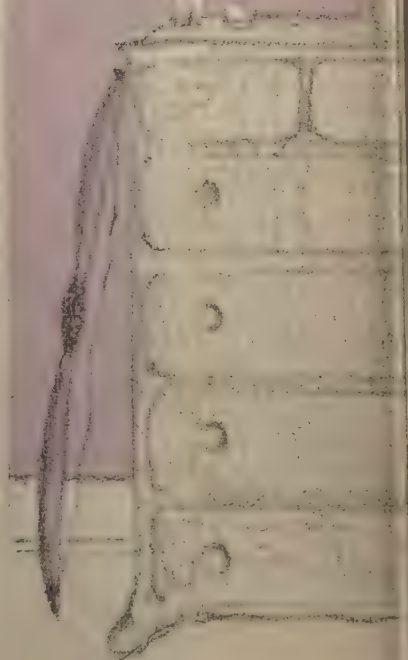
My husband took our loss in stride. Patient David, always gentle with me, hid his grief and never let me know the depth of his sorrow. Not once did he complain of my sloppily prepared meals or the neglected house. When I refused to attend church, David went alone. One November Sunday, David returned from the morning services and quoted a verse from Isaiah.

*The burden of the valley of vision. What aileth thee now that thou art wholly gone up to the housetops?*

"I don't understand that," I said crossly.

"The Reverend Mr. Fisher explained it like this, Ruth. He said valleys, even the darkest of them, give us our greatest understanding of others and of God."

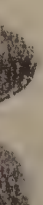
*(Continued on page 28)*







NO  
PARKING



mac donald





# WILLY and the

By Margaret S. Hadden

# BABY CHICKS

Jane sat up suddenly in bed. She looked all around, but in the dark, could see nothing. She had heard something though, had she not? Yes, there it was again, a scratching at the front door. Quietly, she slipped out of bed and tiptoed through the house so as not to waken the family. Opening the door she exclaimed, "Willy, what do you have?"

There was her favorite pet, a big, beautiful Persian cat, who after three years was an established member of the family. Quickly, she freed the small baby chicken Willy was holding in his mouth and breathed a sigh of relief to find it unhurt. Suddenly she remembered hearing Mrs. Via, the neighbor across the street, complain of something killing her chickens. Could it have been Willy? Spanking the cat she turned him outdoors and carefully placed the chicken in a box where it would be safe until morning.

Just as Jane dozed off into troubled dreams of cats, chickens, and neighbors, she heard the scratching at the door again. Once again she tiptoed through the house, opened the door, and found Willy with another baby chicken! Thoroughly disgusted with the cat she took the chicken and placed it with the first one. Then she locked Willy in the basement where he certainly could not get out to get any more of Mrs. Via's chickens.

The next morning, with trembling heart, Jane took the chickens across the street. She could not help

worrying. Would Mrs. Via be mad at her? Would she want her to get rid of Willy? She loved Willy so much. What would she do? A tear appeared in her eye as she rang the bell.

"What have you there?" asked Mrs. Via as she opened the door. Jane told the story of what had happened during the night. Mrs. Via was very angry.

"I have lost several chickens each night for the last week," she said. "Willy must have killed the rest and eaten them." Sorrowfully, Jane went with Mrs. Via to the chicken yard to put the chickens safely with the others. Just as they entered the gate they both stopped in surprise! There in the middle of the yard lay a huge, ugly wharf rat—dead! Mrs. Via turned to Jane and said, "I am so sorry, Jane. The rat has been taking my chickens, and Willy must have killed it last night. He was bringing you the chickens to keep safely! Willy is a hero!"





# Worship in the family with children

## THEME FOR APRIL:

## We Are Glad at Easter

## TO USE WITH YOUNGER CHILDREN

### Sara's Baby Ducks

#### A Bible Verse

He has made everything beautiful in its time.—Ecclesiastes 3:11.

When the duck eggs hatched, Sara was sick with a cold. She had begged to go to the barn to see the yellow balls of down, but Mother had said, "When you are well, you may see them."

Easter Sunday dawned bright and clear, and Sara's cold was gone. Just as she went into the kitchen, Father called, "Sara, look

out the window! Look at the dead tree by the gate."

Sara ran to the window. What she saw made her catch her breath.

"Oh," she said over and over. "Oh, may I hold one of the soft, little ducks in my hands?"

"After breakfast we will see about that," Father laughed as he spoke.

Sara could hardly eat her breakfast for thinking about the ducks. She talked about their color. She asked how they could have gotten from the barn to the old dead tree. She wondered where their mother was.

"Get on your sweater, and we will go outside." Father smiled at Sara. "You have waited long enough to see your ducks!"

Very gently Sara reached down and picked up one small duck. She held it against her cheek. The baby duck nuzzled her cheek with his bill.

"Oh, you precious!" she said. "You are my Easter gift! Daddy, why do we have ducks at Easter?"

"To remind us of God's plan for new life," Father answered.

### A Word to Parents

The materials on this page and on the next two pages are for your use in moments of worship with your children. If you have a family worship service daily in your home, some of the materials here may be used at that time. If you use *The Secret Place*, you may find that some of them fit into the meditations in that booklet.

Bob Taylor





## TO USE WITH OLDER CHILDREN

### *New Life in Spring*

Spring is a wonderful time of year! After the long, cold, dreary months of winter, the world has a fresh, new look. The color of new growth on the evergreen trees is not seen on any other tree nor at any other time of year. New blades of grass look cleaner and fresher in spring than at any other season. Bursting buds bring fairy colors to bare tree branches outlined against the blue sky.

Are you always aware of the beauty about you? Do you really see, hear, smell, and feel the wonders of the springtime world? Look about and think of the miracles of growth and beauty. Do

you know how they come to be? Can you always count on them, or do they sometimes fail? Try to express what you think. Perhaps your words will be a poem or a psalm; perhaps they will be a prayer.

Spring brings another joy to Christians. Easter Day reminds us of Jesus' life and love for people, and of his resurrection after his crucifixion. So Easter, coming in the spring, is a perfect symbol of new life. Add your thoughts about Easter to what you have written about the wonders of spring.

If your family has periods of

worship, your ideas and the words you have used to express them may be used in one of these periods.

Sometimes it is difficult for one to say just what his mind thinks or his heart feels. Poems and prayers, written by others, may express, better than we can, our feelings. If you are like that, perhaps this prayer will say what you would like to say:

For the wonderful and beautiful world in which we live,

*We thank you, God.*

For the promise of flowers, fruit, and grain,

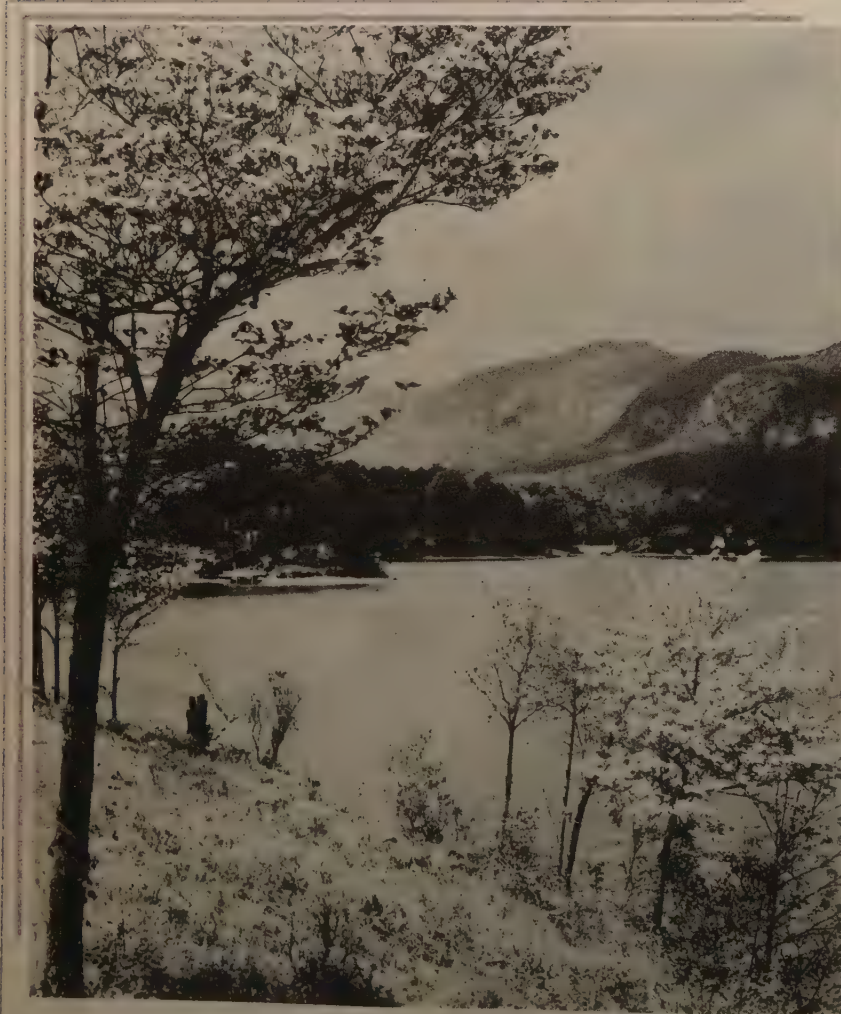
*We thank you, God.*

For the sure knowledge that day follows night, warmth follows cold, spring follows winter, and life follows death,

*We thank you, God.*

For all your good plans for our welfare, and for Easter Day,

*We thank you, God.*



—Religious News Service

### A Bible Passage

And God said, "Let the waters under the heavens be gathered together into one place, and let the dry land appear." And it was so. God called the dry land Earth, and the waters that were gathered together he called Seas. And God saw that it was good. And God said, "Let the earth put forth vegetation, plants yielding seed, and fruit trees bearing fruit in which is their seed, each according to its kind, upon the earth." And it was so.

"While the earth remains, seed-time and harvest, cold and heat, summer and winter, day and night, shall not cease." Genesis 1:9-12; 8:22.



# FOR FAMILY WORSHIP

**Call to Worship:** "Behold I am alive for evermore."—Revelation 1:18.

"Because I live, you will live also."—John 14:19.

**Meditation:** About the scripture  
or

**Story:** Choose one of the following:

- "A Glad Morning," primary pupil's book, Year One, Spring Quarter, page 7
- "Two Friends Hear Glad News," primary pupil's book, Year Two, Spring, Quarter, page 7
- "Jesus' Friends Are Sad," and "Jesus' Friends Are Made Glad," primary pupil's book, Year Three, Spring Quarter, beginning on page 7
- "On the Way to Emmaus," junior pupil's book, Year One, Spring Quarter, page 3
- "A Part of God's Plan," junior pupil's book, Year Two, Spring Quarter, page 7
- "He Has Risen," junior pupil's book, Year Three, Spring Quarter, page 11

**Song:** The one on this page, or choose from the following:

- "Blue Sky, Soft and Clear," primary pupil's book, Year one, Spring Quarter, page 6
- "For the Beauty of the Earth," primary pupil's book, Year Three, Summer Quarter, page 6
- "Christ the Lord Is Risen Today," junior pupil's book, Year Two, Spring Quarter, page 6

**Scripture:** "Jesus Gives His Life," junior pupil's book, Year Two, Spring Quarter, pages 4 and 5

**Poem:** Use "Easter," printed on this page, or choose one of the following:

- "God Takes Care of Everything," primary pupil's book, Year One, Fall Quarter, page 25
- "The Meaning of Easter," junior pupil's book, Year Two, Spring Quarter, page 3

**Prayer:** Dear God, our Father, we are glad for all your good plans and loving care. We thank you for this world that provides us with homes, food, and all the things for our comfort. We are glad for the joy of Easter Day. Help us to remember Jesus' love for us, and his way of life, that we may grow more like him. In his name we pray. Amen.

## God's Lullaby

At night I say my bedtime prayer  
And snuggle down in bed,  
Sometimes I hear a tiny sound  
Of raindrops overhead.  
To hear the raindrops on the roof  
As breezes softly sigh,  
Reminds me God is very near;  
He sings a lullaby.

—Florence Pedigo Jansson

## Easter

I'm glad that Easter Day is here,  
It shines with lovely things,  
With flowers in bloom, and budding trees,  
And birds on joyful wings.

I think that Easter Day is bright  
With birds and flowers and trees  
Because God wished us happiness  
And gave us all of these.

—Florence Pedigo Jansson

## Bible Verses

"The Lord has risen indeed."—Luke 24:34.

"Do not be amazed; you seek Jesus of Nazareth, who was crucified. He has risen, he is not here."  
—Mark 16:6.

## All Glory, Laud, and Honor

Thiodulph of Orleans, c. 820  
Trans. by John M. Neale, 1854; alt.

ST. THIODULPH

Matthias Tschann, c. 1613

1. All glo - ry, laud, and hon - or To Thee, Re - deem - er, King,  
2. Thou didst ac - cept their prais - es; Ac - cept the prayers we bring,

To whom the lips of chil - dren Made sweet ho - san - nas ring.  
Who in all good de - light - est, Thou good and gra - cious King.

The peo - ple of the He - brews With palms be - fore Thee went;  
All glo - ry, laud, and hon - or To Thee, Re - deem - er, King,

Our praise and prayer and an - theme Be - fore Thee we pre - sent.  
To whom the lips of chil - dren Made sweet ho - san - nas ring. A - men.



# CHRISTIAN FAMILY WEEK in Your Home



BY  
RUTH LENTZ

"The ties of family life have grown closer in the past decade" was stated recently in a statistical bulletin of the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company. This is astonishing, considering an apparent increase in delinquency, tensions, complicating forces, and the rapid adjustments that beset the modern family.

The observance of National Family Week becomes more widespread every year. From May 6-13 this year the entire nation, including the churches, will focus attention upon the importance of families in the development of wholesome personality and the spiritual strengthening of its citizenry.

Prominent civic and education leaders give support to community activities that strengthen family life. Social conditions that affect families adversely are studied and corrected. All this is possible because Protestant, Catholic, and Jewish groups join in promoting National Family Week.

When churches and community social agencies place such emphasis upon family life, surely each home will desire to use these days in some special way, also.

The theme, "God in the Home—Peace in the World" expresses an exalted faith and a noble ideal that, with imaginative, dedicated effort, will radiate good will beyond each home. Thus, each home becomes a laboratory of Christian living demonstrating harmony, understanding, and resolution of conflict by peaceful means. For the Christian home with its supreme source of power in the presence and spirit of God exerts an incalculable influence.

## **Opportunities to Initiate New Home Activities**

Here, then, is an appropriate time for families of the church to initiate new home activities, to discover fresh opportunities for growth and service. These may arise in several areas—family council, recreation, worship, reading, radio, and television, or in outreach beyond the home.

If the family has never had a council for the democratic sharing of planning, solving problems, and division of responsibilities, this can be a major emphasis for the week's observance. Discover a family that has a successful plan; ask them to share their procedures; set aside a definite time in the week when all members of the family are home, being certain that each has an opportunity to make the final decision rather than an arbitrary one's being made by father, mother, or older child!

When a council is a regularly scheduled, vital part of family living, special emphasis or interests for each day of the week may be worked out well in advance.

Below is a sample:

Sunday, May 6—Worship in Our Church  
Monday, May 7—Family Council  
Tuesday, May 8—Remembering Our Relatives  
Wednesday, May 9—Our Neighbors  
Thursday, May 10—Our World Neighbors  
Friday, May 11—Recreation or Church Family Night  
Saturday, May 12—Beautifying Our Home  
Sunday, May 13—Family Worship



The Meredith family (Mother, Dad, six-year-old Susan, Tom, 12, Nancy, 13, and Grandmother Meredith) made an unusually creative approach to Family Week last year.

Having a council of some experience, they decided to consider for several weeks new and different ways for family worship, recreation, and service. Each member contributed suggestions that were discussed freely. Assignments for developing ideas were accepted, and fascinating activities emerged.

Susan composed a new "grace" with a simple tune which has become the favorite for council evenings and anniversaries. "Susan's Grace" gave Family Week of 1955 a memorable heart-lift in the Meredith family.

Nancy, using her pastel crayons, drew a picture of "Inspiration Point" of the preceding summer's family camp experience. This was used in the "quiet corner" which the Merediths had planned as a project for the year. By the open Bible marked at Psalm 19 was a poster with the words,

"God, who touchest earth with beauty,  
Make me lovely, too" (Mary Edgar).

Father Meredith and Grandmother planted a "surprise garden," keeping secret the names of the flowers and vegetables. All became so curious and eager that the plot received unusually careful attention that year.

Mother, having purchased a long-playing record of well-loved hymns, discovered interesting stories about them. Each evening one hymn was heard, the story told, and the family sang it together. Selecting a "Hymn of the Week" to be studied, learned, and appreciated became a regularly anticipated feature with the Merediths,

Tom wrote a short play about a vacation experience. Each one drew a slip of paper indicating the various roles. So much fun resulted that "changing places" became a favored game on a moment's notice. Awareness, perception, and understanding of personal feelings emerged from the group.

## Opportunities Through Community and Church Activities

A single family cannot remain an isolated, self-sufficient unit and develop its highest capacities. Family Week offers opportunities to draw within its fellowship neighbors near and far and to reach out in thoughtful service to the ends of the world.

Several families in a crowded city area organized a block family party. They obtained permission from the authorities to rope off the street on a Saturday afternoon and evening for games and the exhibition of family hobbies and handicrafts. A talent show with community singing and folk dancing closed the day. This successful event inaugurated an annual affair that has been imitated in other blocks and brought greatly improved human relations in an area of tension.

In another community of young families of moderate means a co-operative nursery and playground developed from simple beginnings—one family offering to trade "baby sitting" with another family. Here fathers and mothers work side by side making or restoring equipment. Young children adjust socially more quickly, and older ones assume responsibilities for recreation and the preparation of food.

The Abbott family, happy and well-adjusted, in their eagerness to share their blessings with the less fortunate, adopted a lonely widow near by. Her happiness at their thoughtful attention made them aware of others, men and women, who lived in small quarters, who had difficulty with marketing and other essentials of maintenance. Now each family represented in the "Come Double Class" of the Abbott's church has an "aunt" or "uncle" under its wing.

The Means family spent one evening recently writing short, sincere notes to each neighbor on their street expressing to them appreciation for some special contribution which they felt that family made to their happiness. To one it was for the pleasure of seeing such a lovely lawn and flowers; to another it was the kindly, friendly greeting each morning or evening as they passed by.

## Study Article and Guide for Parents' Groups

Photo by erb

Families can find many ways to have fellowship. The members of this family are enjoying a game of Scrabble.





Each Christian family is an integral, important part of some church family, also. To omit any plans that strengthen and enrich that concept is to narrow the family's horizon.

It is a rare church that does not observe National Family Week, even though it is only a Mother's Day service. Perhaps the minister is waiting for encouragement or suggestions. Or if the Family Life committee has made plans, every family should feel the week incomplete if it does not co-operate fully.

Many churches develop a schedule similar to the one suggested earlier in this article; that is, each day is given some special emphasis. Helps for family worship, recreation, hobbies, and service projects are made available. Church Family Night is an important and carefully arranged occasion. Committees

are composed of family units, some responsible for food, others for the decorations, games, and demonstrations. A closing period of worship and inspiration rounds out the evening.

One church invites as special guests families of other nationality or racial groups. Sometimes these friends are asked to share their folklore, music, games, or favorite food. This is done tactfully and with understanding. Always these guests are urged to participate in a continuing fellowship if they desire.

Another church distributed to its family groups the names, short biographies, and pictures of missionary families. They were asked to correspond with them and exchange pictures and small remembrances

*(Continued next page)*

# Study Guide

## for "CHRISTIAN FAMILY WEEK IN YOUR HOME"

### Preparation for the Meeting (Leader)

The subject of this study article, "Christian Family Week in Your Home," offers an opportunity to encourage spiritual growth within each church family.

The leader should have an adequate basic knowledge of the background of National Family Week. These facts may be obtained from the Christian Board of Publication, St. Louis, Mo., or the American Baptist Publication Society, Philadelphia, Pa.

Since most churches have active Family Life committees, the chairman and members of this committee should be consulted and invited to participate as resource people.

If possible each family should have access to the article for reading prior to the meeting.

### Conducting the Meeting

1. The leader will state the theme briefly, as well as state a few pertinent facts concerning Family Week, stressing the widespread observance among Protestant, Catholic, and Jewish groups and community social agencies.

2. Introduce a panel, the members of which include a member of the church's Family Life committee, a representative from a family that has been carrying out a planned program in its home, and a staff person from a family-serving community agency.

3. Divide into "work groups" under the following heading. Ask that each group prepare answers to the listed questions to share with the entire group. (A half-hour period)

#### *A Family Council*

How do you organize one? When

does it meet? How does it function. How old should the children be when included? What are some of the problems?

#### *Home Worship*

What is family worship? Name types of family worship. Is it necessary to observe a definite time of day or week? Who plans the worship experience? Who participates actively? What is included? What are some of the resources? Share ways to say "grace." How does "family worship" prepare for more formal church worship? For church membership?

#### *Home Recreation*

How can family groups enjoy and benefit from radio? television? reading? games? outings? Is there conflict because of varying ages and interests? How do you meet this problem? How can parents show their children what is good and what is bad in movies, radio, TV, and comics? List some good family programs. Share examples of family fun that have brought the family closer to one another.

#### *Home and Church*

Is our church giving us adequate guidance in "a faith to live by" as families? Are we as families using the resources our church makes available? Suggest ways in which the family may make the church and its services more vital. Plan a Family Church Night.

#### *Home and Community*

How can the home prepare its members to meet prejudice, class, religious, and racial suspicion? What are some of the community resources that encourage and strengthen its families? Is there need for a better relationship among social agencies, the churches, and the homes of your community? Suggest specific ways that individual families may assist in lifting the moral tone of its community.

After a half-hour period, the five

*(Continued on page 30)*



at Christmas, birthdays, and anniversaries. Occasionally, visits were arranged, and one family spent its vacation at an Indian Mission home of their "other family."

In a small rural church each family selected some responsibility for maintenance and beautifying of the church property during certain weeks of the year. The church home received the same loving care and attention as each farm home.

### Planning by the Family for the Year

One of the aims of Christian Family Week is to lend impetus to the on-going, year-round growth of the family, a strengthening of its bonds of love toward one another, their fellows, and their God. Such growth cannot be measured by inches or pounds; but

as a family faces its highest desires and its deepest longings, certain goals can be set up and a dedicated effort made to reach them. Family Week is a natural period of time to make this assessment.

The Ray family keep a scrapbook, a family diary, for a year from which they review the events that seem to take precedence. A more balanced plan of recreation, sharing responsibilities, and participation in community and church life was developed for the coming year.

May every Christian family approach this Family Week of 1956 with the knowledge that the deepest needs of love, security, understanding, and warmth are found within the circle called "home." Wisdom, strength, and courage are built within the lives of its members as they plan, play, pray, and serve.

## BIBLEGRAM

by *Hilda E. Allen*

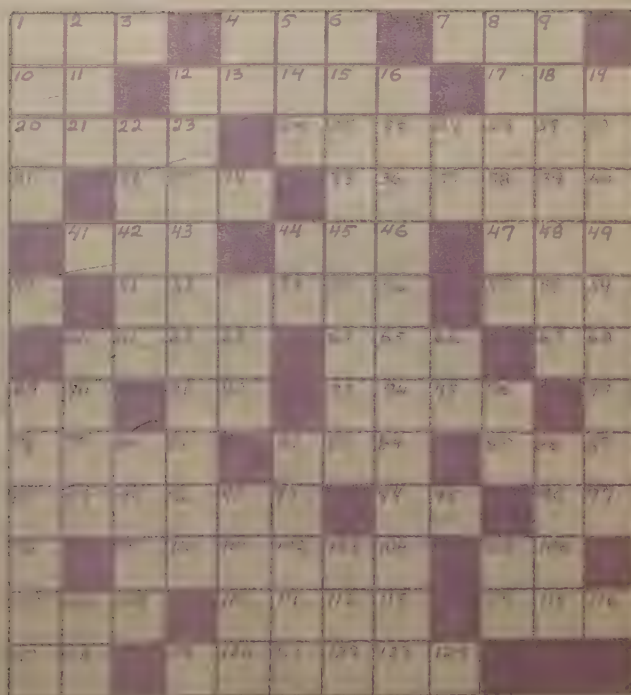
Guess the words defined below and write them over their numbered dashes. Then transfer each letter to the correspondingly numbered square in the pattern. The colored squares indicate word endings.

Reading from left to right, you will find that the filled pattern contains a selected quotation from the Bible.

A A pen for chickens -----	119 10 48 52
B A grown-up gosling -----	7 61 78 116 89
C Bright, not shady -----	20 108 65 80 32
D Baby sheep -----	63 41 101 67
E A floating object which marks a channel or shoal -----	71 49 111 40
F Full of use; helpful -----	34 60 72 11 79 39
G Baby deer -----	30 45 35 103
H Small army car -----	114 115 91 12
I Baby cow, or baby elephant -----	15 64 90 106
J Sheltered from the sun -----	24 120 87 43 31
K Bread, before it is baked -----	113 33 62 104 36
L To become smaller -----	123 5 54 55 26 73
M Baby horses -----	99 105 22 56 92
N Felt sorry for -----	75 29 4 53 21 59
O Discussion, or argument -----	66 13 85 2 76 98
P Faithful, or true -----	38 107 3 94 86

Q Desert steed -----	27 57 88 74 110
R Comical -----	23 117 42 58 47
S What the clock tells -----	95 102 44 16
T Cow farm -----	69 82 122 112 70
U Rushed headlong -----	81 14 118 17 6 84
V 28, 29, 30 or 31 days -----	19 68 83 96 97
W Kind of weather -----	51 28 8 121 1 46
X Fragrances, or smells -----	100 9 37 50 93
Y A step -----	77 124 25 18 109

(Solution on page 30)





# She Loves Shut-

*Mrs. Phillip Doddridge is a fairy godmother to shut-in children. Not content with merely raising a family of her own, she decided to "adopt" sick children and provide them with dolls which she dresses herself.*

by Frances P. Reid



Frances P. Reid

Mrs. Phillip Doddridge, of Boise, Idaho, holds Petunia, one of the dolls that she has dressed and keeps on hand. Behind her is the current supply of dolls from which she will select gifts for sick and handicapped children.

Because she senses the loneliness of children confined to beds of illness in the impersonal atmosphere of a hospital, Mrs. Phillip Doddridge of Boise, Idaho, makes it her hobby to provide a doll for every child patient at the Elks' Convalescent Home for victims of polio and the children's wards of St. Luke's Hospital. In her recreation room are cupboards crowded to the doors with dolls that she has bought and dressed, just waiting for the right owner to claim them. Each is dressed in exquisitely designed and stitched garments to delight the heart of a little girl or boy. Each Thursday finds her at St. Luke's dispensing her lovely toys, and lingering by each bedside to read a story.

To the disabled child a doll can be more than a plaything; it represents not only a beauty to be loved and cared for, but an avenue to encourage the use of muscles injured by diseases such as polio, cerebral palsy, arthritis, and meningitis. In the desire to emulate well children, the handicapped child will try to master buttons, zippers, snaps, and all the other motions of dressing and undressing a favored toy. Many skills can be related to the care of the doll, and they provide the incentive to overcome helpless crippling.

There are dolls wearing snowsuits, pinafores, jumpers, pajamas, middies and skirts, dainty organdy flounces, tucked gingham, sailor suits—whatever the younger generation now prefers. "I don't have any patience with character dolls or bride dolls," Mrs. Dod-



# children



dridge affirms, "for I find that children want their dolls to mirror their own tastes in clothing."

Once every three weeks she goes to the Elks' Home with a basket of dolls on her arm. Nurses are eager to tell her of the progress made by their young patients and to point out the wistful moppets who have recently come to the home. Mrs. Doddridge finds that the boys are just as anxious to have a doll as the girls.

On a recent trip she was making the rounds, handing out dolls, when her attention was drawn to a boy, eleven or twelve years of age. Obviously, he was trying to summon courage to speak to her.

Finally, when the other children became engrossed in play, he rolled his wheel chair close and plucked at her sleeve. "Would you like a boy doll?" Mrs. Doddridge asked.

Shaking his head, the lad picked out the girl doll wearing the fluffiest, most delicate dress of all. Hungrily he grasped it, his eyes thanking Mrs. Doddridge wordlessly. Sometime later the nurses told the "doll lady" that he took better care of his new toy than the girls did of theirs.

Another project which Mrs. Doddridge follows is that of providing special outfits for a huge Raggedy Ann doll, the size of a three- or four-year-old child, that the Elks' Home uses to train children to dress themselves and to master the simple operations of buttoning, snapping, etc.

For children whose fingers and

hands are badly crippled, she provides dolls made of a new rubber material which is so realistic that it feels like live skin; for those more efficient in the use of their hands, she offers beautiful walking dolls. Whichever it is, each doll is decked out in garments as carefully made as those a mother sews for a beloved daughter—embroidery, ruffles, cross stitching, flowers, and ribbons.

Whenever the Doddridges go traveling, a box of dolls goes along. Last year they made an automobile trip to New Orleans, and there took passage for South America. In Puerto Rico the charming American found children who had never seen an American doll and who must have thought that an angel was dropping gifts into their dark-skinned hands.

While journeying inland by freighter from Paramaribo, Dutch Guiana, they steered so close to the shores of the great river that Mrs. Doddridge could reach out and hand dolls to the ebony-hued natives lining the banks of this jungle passage.

The Doddridges' daughter "Sugar" was formerly with the State Department. While stationed in various foreign countries, she was always on the lookout for children who had no dolls. Through her and friends elsewhere Mrs. Doddridge has dispatched dolls to almost every country.

Another project of Mrs. Doddridge delights both young and old alike. Approximately once a month

she arranges a seasonal scene in the large picture window of her home at 1918 Brumback. Using dolls and wee properties scaled to size, she may depict a colored jazz band for Music Week; an ice skating group in winter; spring housecleaning in April; the Spirit of '76 in July; Santa's Workshop in December. "You'd be surprised what can be accomplished with pins, thumbtacks, and Scotch tape," she comments.

When she depicted the last day of school, one man was observed driving by every day for a week, slowing his car to a stop, and chortling with mirth. Outside a small red schoolhouse lingered dolls hugging lunch boxes and books; on the steps a doll appeared to stand on its head for joy; another was performing a cartwheel. No detail is too difficult for the doll artist to capture.

Even the cats come in for their share of attention from Mrs. Doddridge. Fashioning clown dolls, she fills the peaked caps with catnip. As they drive through the countryside, she is always on the lookout for a stray feline to which she can toss the beguiling doll. Repeatedly Col. Doddridge has warned her, "Someday all those homeless cats you've befriended are going to follow us home, and we'll arrive in Boise to find our front steps swarming with cats."

One aim explains Mrs. Doddridge's activity: she strives to bring happiness in an unobtrusive, unselfish manner.



## Music from Heaven

(Continued from page 5)

to circulate. It was whispered that Handel, who from the age of seven had been a musical celebrity, was going mad because of his failures.

"Judas Maccabeus," composed as Handel's health began to improve, not only restored his prestige and finances, but silenced all the ugly gossip about a sick mind. Handel ventured to try out "The Messiah" again. With every performance its popularity grew. By 1750, eight years after the first performance in Dublin, Handel gave the first of the annual productions of "The Messiah" for the benefit of his favorite charity, the London Foundling Hospital, knowing that every seat would be filled.

Complete blindness in 1753 put an end to Handel's composing; but he was still ranked as the greatest living organist. He could play and conduct every one of his oratorios, entirely from memory. His favorite was always "The Messiah." Most critics agree with him that in it he reached the highest level of musical invention and spiritual nobility. There is no other piece of church music that arouses such universal spiritual emotion in the hearts of all who listen regardless of creed.

London, once so cold, grew so fond of Handel and "The Messiah" that days when it was announced that he would play and conduct became almost national holidays. Old, blind, so heavy that he could not move about without help, people still crowded the streets to get a glimpse of him.

The year he was seventy-four George Frederic Handel celebrated his most successful season. On April 6, conducting and playing as brilliantly as ever, he performed at Covent Garden. Once, it was noticed, he seemed to falter, but for the merest moment. The last glorious notes of the Hallelujah Chorus had scarcely died away when word spread through the departing audience that Handel had fainted.

They carried the great man tenderly and lovingly to his house on Brook Street.

He whispered in the midst of his agony, "I want to die on Good Friday in the hope of rejoining the good God, my sweet Lord and Savior, on the day of his resurrection."

But it was on Holy Saturday, April 14, 1759, that the last painful breath was drawn.

Though he had been born in Halle, Germany, Handel had long considered England his country. His wish had been to be buried in Westminster Abbey among the great of his adopted land. He wanted it not as a personal honor, but as a tribute to his masterpiece, "The Messiah."

England was proud to grant his request. The combined choirs of the

Chapel Royal, St. Paul's, and Westminster Abbey sang his funeral dirge.

For his part Handel considered that he had only been an instrument that heaven had chosen to give "The Messiah" to the world. Humbly, when people would ask where the inspiration for such a work had come from, he had always answered, "I did think I did see all heaven before me and the great God himself."

"The Messiah," Handel said, had been music from heaven.

## My Son Lives

(Continued from page 16)

I turned away defiantly. It was two months now since the tragedy, and my tumultuous grief still tore at me.

"Speaking of others," David went on, "I think you ought to call on our neighbor, Mrs. Allgood. She has lost her only son in Korea."

I stared at my husband bewilderedly. Mrs. Allgood was a widow, and her nineteen-year-old Howard was all she had in the world. For the first time I was conscious of another's heartbreak.

"How can I comfort a neighbor when I can't comfort myself?" I wailed.

"Go to Mrs. Allgood, Ruth," David urged. "The words will come."

I shook my head frantically. "Maybe if you come with me," I pleaded.

"You must go alone," David said gently. "I've already called on Mrs. Allgood. I want you to see her."

It took me two full days to screw my courage to the point where I could see another woman who had borne the loss that I had suffered—a woman who had waited through nine months of pregnancy, known the agony of birth, the years of care, the nights over a sickbed,

## It's a fact:

**The word "peculiar" literally means "pertaining to private property."**

all the anguish and joy of raising a son only to see him murdered in the end. For how else, I thought, could you term the wanton taking of a young life, whether it be by a speeding car or by a sniper's bullet in Korea?

I entered Mrs. Allgood's home to find my gray-haired neighbor serenely wrapping Christmas gifts for the patients in a nearby VA hospital. I looked at her

resigned, calm face above the heaped-up pile of tissue paper and ribbons.

"Mrs. Allgood," I stammered. "I came over to tell you how sorry I am—I got no further. The tears streamed from my eyes. Sobs choked my voice. I flung myself into the older woman's arms.

She held me tenderly to her, patting my hair.

"There, there, dear."

"What am I doing?" I cried. "I came over to comfort you, and I can't—I can't—"

"You came to see me, dear. That's the important thing."

"Did you pray for your son when he went away?" I asked, gazing wildly up into her wise, kind eyes. "Did you place him in God's keeping?"

"Of course, I prayed, dear," she answered. "I placed Howard in God's hands, and God answered my prayer. Howard is with God. I know that, and it gives me peace. When the ones we love most in the world leave a little while before us, there's no one we would rather have them with than God, now is there?"

It was an old truth I had heard many times before, yet to me this was a new way of expressing it. Giving Donny to God . . . I had never thought about it in quite that light. God who was love incarnate, whose understanding was infinite. The same God I had been praying to since childhood, who had seen me through lonely days, sorrowful days, happy days.

"I saw my father die three months ago," Mrs. Allgood continued quietly. "At the very end, Dad smiled as though he saw a vision too beautiful to tell those of us who, for the time being, remained behind. Like a traveler who leaves a dark city to face light everlasting. Where God is, beauty, happiness, and light must be. Who was it who wrote, *To wake from the dream of life into joyful eternity*. Could I—could any mother deny her son that, knowing he has gone on to happiness and only years instead of miles separate them?"

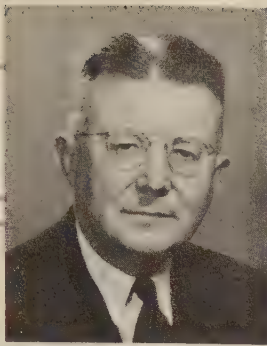
I who had come to comfort a neighbor went away comforted.

In my own yard I looked up at the sky before turning into my home. The November sun was setting in a blaze of early winter glory. A mass of light cirrus clouds crept over the western sky in a cloth of shining gold. I saw a flock of wild geese flying darkly in a wedge against the gold—pushing on—splendid—free—like souls released to God and life eternal. A smile spread over my tear-streaked face.

"My son is with God and so he lives," I whispered.

My shoulders straightening, the crushing weariness gone, I went indoors to prepare my husband's dinner.





# Family Counselor

**MY PROBLEM** concerns my three-and-one-half year-old son and his desire to play with toy guns. I strongly believe that it is bad training when parents give guns to their children to play with. Is it any wonder that we read of so many children killing their brothers, sisters, and playmates with real guns? It seems that this whole business of gunplay stems from the adults who actually teach the children how to shoot each other and to "play dead." I have seen parents give guns to their toddlers to play with, long before the child would have made such a choice in toys.

Our son has many nice things to play with including a play gym, wagon, wheelbarrow, tricycle, garden tools, and so forth, and he is happy and content with these until he plays with his older cousin who has been raised on guns and practically plays with nothing else. Also his grandfather, for some reason, seems to think he should have a gun and has tried to give him one. On these occasions I have returned the gun as I feel I should have some control over the toys our child has at home. Of course, I cannot and do not try to keep him from playing with guns when we visit his cousin.

We have never given our son a gun to play with until recently we bought him a water pistol for fear that our refusal to let him have a gun was only whetting his desire for one. We have thought that maybe if we let him have a gun soon he would be through with it, but looking at other children we know that idea wouldn't work out, for the children who have had guns for years are still constantly carrying them strapped to their sides.

My sister solved this problem by letting her five-year-old son have a gun and crow set. The gun was strictly for shooting at the crows, but yet he had a gun and therefore didn't feel so different from other children who had guns. I believe if it weren't for outside interference we could solve our problem in the same manner. By this we could teach him what guns are for and that they aren't to shoot people with. This problem has been a source of worry for some time and in trying to get a right perspective of it I find I am in the minority and therefore wonder if I am wrong.

**I AM NOT** sure there is an absolutely right or wrong answer to the problem you raise. There is room for honest differences of opinion and good

reasons may be given both for and against letting children play with guns—toy guns, that it.

It seems to me, however, that I can detect a growing feeling among children's workers that, although they would not encourage the playing with guns, there is no particular harm in letting small children play with them. We probably are in error, if we think that playing with guns makes our children vicious. Some of us can remember when we were young and went around scalping Indians! We realized that we were simply playing and I don't believe we ever seriously considered the possibility of really scalping someone.

There is some merit, also, to the argument that if children are not permitted to play with toy guns, while their friends do, they may develop an abnormal interest in them. I know of one family who had not permitted the children to have guns. Much to their surprise, they discovered that they had far more interest in guns than those children who were permitted to play with them. They decided, therefore, to get toy guns for their children and found out that after the "initial spree" the children's interest in them reverted to normal. I don't believe you will find that your giving your child a water pistol will stimulate an undesirable interest in guns.

If you watch children who are playing with guns you will find that in most cases guns are but one phase of dramatic and imaginary play in which there is a certain amount of excitement. Children like to wear cowboy clothes, they enjoy building forts, they run and hide behind trees, they find it zestful to chase and to be chased. The gun itself is frequently but a minor factor in these activities.

It should be granted, however, that toy guns are not especially conducive to creative activities, and this is one of the primary objections to them. Parents—and you seem to be doing this—need to provide for their children all kinds of interesting play equipment and materials, and then to give wise supervision of the play. If this is done, all gunplay will not be eliminated, and at times may seem excessive, but in the long run play with guns will become but one of many of the play activities of children. Let me add, too, that your own child's interest in guns may be greater at five and six than now. If other interests are encouraged then, however, you need not be disturbed.

*Donald M. Maynard*



## Study Guide

(Continued from page 24)

work groups reassemble to share their findings. These should be listed on a blackboard or charted by categories.

Allow ample time for free discussion, further questions, explanations, and stories of family experiences in the listed areas. Give encouragement to those who are confused and bewildered by the wide scope of the theme.

Close with a series of short prayers lifting up to the Heavenly Father the aspirations of each Christian family.

### Resources

Family Week Packet, Dept. or Adult and Family Life, UCMS, Christian Board of Publication, St. Louis, Mo.

Family Life Packet, Dept. of Adult Work and Family Life, American Baptist Board of Education and Publication, Philadelphia, Pa.

*The Secret Place*, a devotional quarterly.

*Enjoying the Bible at Home*, Anna Laura Gebhard, Christian Board of Publication, price 50 cents.

*Pages of Power* 1956, from the Christian Board of Publication or National Council of Churches, price 5 cents.

*Children and Records*, 25 cents.

*Children and Books*, 35 cents, Children's Work Association, National Council of Churches.

*The World in Our Home*, National Council of Churches, price 3 cents.

*We Ask the Lord's Blessing*, National Council of Churches, price 10 cents.

*The Recovery of Family Life*, Elton and Pauline Trueblood. Harper & Brothers, Publishers. Price \$1.50.

## David, Danny and Death

(Continued from page 7)

Back of the trees are seeds and more trees.

Danny: What's back of food?

David: What food? An egg was behind the chicken. And another chicken was back of the egg. Say! Something's back of everything!

Danny: And something's after everything, too. We're in the middle of everything.

Father: That's right. David, you sure started something with that poem. Life goes on and on, doesn't it?

Later that evening, in response to one of the boy's oft-asked questions, "What can I do, Mother?" Mother suggested that they make "cycles." She showed them how to draw circles and place over the lines drawings of things that make up the cycle. They made, for example, a seed—plant—flower—seed cycle; a caterpillar—chrysalis—moth—egg cycle.

That night, at bedtime, Danny prayed a poem. It went:

Thank you, God for lambs to make clothes;

Thank you, God for trees to make houses;

Thank you, God, for plants to make food;

Thank you, God, for everything. Amen.

### A Few Conclusions

The title of this article may look a bit strange at first—two boys' names and the word Death run together as though they were all alike. But it was purposely planned this way, for death is just as real and natural as two lively boys. There are great differences, to be sure, but their reality is equal. Perhaps this acceptance of the naturalness of death is quite important in working with, talking with, and living with children. Perhaps if adults could show this acceptance of death's naturalness, much emotional strain could be spared boys and girls.

The incidents related here suggest several other means of helping boys and girls face death. The parents never dodged questions, nor did they try to give answers when they were not sure. They did not try to give the whole theological answer. They were careful always to give the boys as much truth as they knew and the boys could understand. They admitted their ignorance when they did not know the complete answer. Perhaps the parents' willingness to give answers was one reason for the boys' many questions. All parents should be grateful for the questions of little children, for they keep doors open into young minds and hearts. They offer opportunities for guidance.

(Continued column 3, next page)

## Biblegram Solution

(Biblegram on page 25)

**SOLUTION:** "May the God of peace himself sanctify you wholly; and may your spirit and soul and body be kept sound and blameless at the coming of our Lord Jesus Christ" (1 Thess. 5:23).

### The Words

A Coop	M Colts
B Goose	N Pitied
C Sunny	O Debate
D Lamb	P Loyal
E Buoy	Q Camel
F Useful	R Funny
G Fawn	S Time
H Jeep	T Dairy
I Calf	U Dashed
J Shady	V Month
K Dough	W Stormy
L Shrink	X Odors

Y Stair



"I don't see why you're so upset.  
We've got hospital insurance."

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# BOOKS

## for the Hearthside

### For Children

With aviation and airplanes commonplace today, there are many boys and girls who are interested in the history and the men behind this modern means of transportation. **The Wright Brothers, First to Fly**, by Madge Haines and Leslie Morrill (Abingdon Press, 128 pages, \$1.50), tells the story of the two men who pioneered in this field. Beginning with their flying kites, this story tells of the observation, study, and work they devoted to their hobby. It also shows the courage and persistence which was needed before they discovered the principles of flying and conquered the air.

An exciting story of children in another land is **Lapland Drum**, by Alice Alison Lide and Margaret Alison Johanses (Abingdon Press, 128 pages, \$1.50). Brenda and Vik race on skis, ride on sledges, and help to drive their father's great herd of reindeer to new feeding grounds in Lapland, their home. A "witchman" adds mystery, and a leather map leads to an interesting discovery.

The customs and activities of family life in Lapland are warmly

portrayed, as are the accounts of journeys over high mountains, across rushing rivers, and through deep forests.

### For Youth

The trials and troubles of sheepherding in Montana form the background of **Struggle at Saddle Bow**, by Barlow Meyers (Westminster Press, Philadelphia, 1954, 236 pages, \$2.75). Johnny Riley is left to the guardianship of his older brother Harve. He starts off badly by getting jailed for a foolish high school prank and makes trouble for Harve as the later struggles to make a go of raising sheep on slim resources. Mean-spirited neighbors do not help matters much, but a pair of frolicking beavers finally come to the aid of the embattled brothers. The author, a woman, by the way, gave us an earlier western story, *Tumbleweed*, reviewed in *Hearthstone* some time ago. It was later made into a moving picture.

The rough and rugged days of the Crusades provide the setting for Gladys H. Barr's **Cross, Sword, and Arrow** (Abingdon Press, Nashville 1955, 233 pages, \$3.00). It is the story of young Bertran be

Born, Jr., a seventeen-year-old crusader. Discovering through some early adventures that chivalry was not all it seemed to be, he deliberately misleads a peasant boy in France into organizing a Children's Crusade. The tragic development of that ill-fated adventure gradually brings young Bertran to a realization that there is something stronger than sword and arrow, and that is the love of God. This is an heroic tale of adventure and romance by the author of *Monk in Armour*, the story of Martin Luther.

### David, Danny and Death

(Continued from page 30)

Another valuable plan of David and Danny's parents was to try to anticipate possible deaths and prepare the children for them. This was done specifically before the death of the tropical fish.

Finally, there was repeated attempt on the part of the parents to help their children realize, in practical ways that they could understand, that death does not end all. Both in the case of the death of their grandfather and in the cases of the deaths of pets, the children developed a real sense of spiritual life. Surely, they will understand, if they do not already, the reality of spiritual life, the fact of the soul, the meaning of Jesus' words, "Lo, I am with you always." It is their parents' deep desire that they will grow up to carry on the work of their living Lord and Master, guided and strengthened always by Christ's presence.

### BIBLE BOOK OF THE MONTH



The Bible Book for the month of April is First Corinthians. This is a part of Paul's correspondence with the Corinthian church. It is in some of the richest writings in the New Testament. (1) What problems in the Corinthian church did Paul discuss in this letter? (2) What did Paul say about love? The Resurrection? (3) What stewardship teaching can you find in this letter?



# Over the back fence



## ● The Resurrection and Rehabilitation

During April we celebrate once more the resurrection of our Lord and Savior Jesus Christ. Hundreds of millions of voices have been raised in one joyous refrain, "Christ is risen; he is risen indeed."

It is the holiest season of the year for all Christians, and something of its promise and hope is reflected in the lives of many who are not Christians. Its message each year brings new life to multitudes as they fall under the sway of the risen Lord.

*Hearthstone* believes that it is neither irreverent nor irrelevant to link the thought of the resurrection to the idea of rehabilitation. For we speak here of the rehabilitation of thousands of crippled children and adults to whom new life has come by means of the healing touch of modern medicine combined with the financial resources provided by the Easter Seals which you have probably already bought. Part of the story of what has been done by these Easter Seals is told on pages 16 and 17 of this issue.

It was the resurrection which put the stamp of validity on the teachings of Jesus which resulted finally in Christian concern for the welfare of the unfortunate. Very few countries where the message of the resurrection has never gone have shown much interest in or concern for their handicapped children or adults.

One of the finest ways that we can give evidence of the significance of the resurrection is to help make possible a continuing and increasing ministry that enables the "lame to walk."

## ● Give Them a Faith to Live By

It is the family that sets the patterns and the habits which last

a lifetime. Setting a habit of family attendance at worship is the best beginning toward a lasting faith to live by.

Going to worship each week can be the best of the good things of life for a family to share. Worshiping together becomes so natural that, without even trying, children find a pattern, a foundation, which will enrich their entire lives. Without that foundation of family guidance, can youngsters be blamed if they grow up without a real faith in God or in themselves or in their fellow-men?

"Give Them a Faith to Live By —Worship with Them This Week" is the theme for the 1955-1956 Religion in American Life program. This theme emphasizes the importance of regular attendance by the family at religious services. It points to the vital role parents play in giving their children a lasting faith by taking them each week to church and church school. The stress of modern life produces proof that there must be a constant effort to pass on that faith in a greater, stronger measure.

## ● Welcome, Richard E. Lentz!

Last November (when this was written) the announcement was made that Richard E. Lentz would become, on March 1, the Director of Christian Family Life for the Disciples of Christ, serving through the Department of Religious Education of the United Christian Missionary Society. We are happy to welcome him to this important work which will be channeled in some degree through *Hearthstone*.

Mr. Lentz comes to his task from nearly eight years with the National Council of Churches as Executive Director of the Joint Department of Family Life. In addition he has been Director of Adult Work. The Community Family Clinic program is only one of many important achievements of these years.

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Here's an unusual idea for decorating eggs, straight out of the new ideas department! The idea is sealing wax, and it can be adopted to whatever particular purpose you have in mind.

If you have small fry at home, you'll want a lot of hard-boiled eggs, brightly dyed and decorated to take their places in the Easter baskets. Or if your "gang" plans to give cheerful Easter baskets to the children in an orphanage or hospital, put in some of these. They'll also taste good at your own party!

You already know that you can make two tiny holes in each end of an egg, and blow the contents through the holes into a bowl for scrambling. These hollowed shells, dyed and decorated, make grand party favors.

Still a third kind of shell is one that is simply broken in half. These can have favors sealed inside them, either for your own class party, or for your charity Easter baskets. For your group, you can make individual favors of these eggs, putting some rolled-up foreign stamps in one for the stamp collector, an inexpensive miniature dog, horse, etc., for the hobbyist, flower seeds for the gardener, etc. For charity giving tiny fuzzy chicks, bunnies, or jelly beans can be put inside the eggs.

Now, boil or blow some eggs, as many as you will need, and dye them different bright colors, using any of the package dyes, and following the instructions.

You can get sticks of sealing wax from any stationer. If your friends are decorating eggs together, each person can get a different colored stick; if you are doing your own, red,

# Eggs the Bunny Can Envy!

yellow, and blue are basic colors. Be sure to get one stick of silver or gold wax, if possible. You heat the wax by holding it over a lighted candle.

The rabbit can be a white, yellow, or naturally tan egg. His eyes are blue, and his mouth is red. Make his ears of pipe cleaners, each ear a piece four inches long, doubled in half. Turn the ends out, and glue each ear to the egg with wax, as in fig. A. Make the whiskers of three pieces two inches long. Put some hot wax on the egg and lay the whiskers on it. When it is dry, glue them with some more wax, which serves as the mouth. Make a stand for the rabbit with wax, building it up in two or three layers, waiting for one layer to harden before adding another. When this collar is big enough, shape the last layer of wax while it is still soft, to make the collar level.

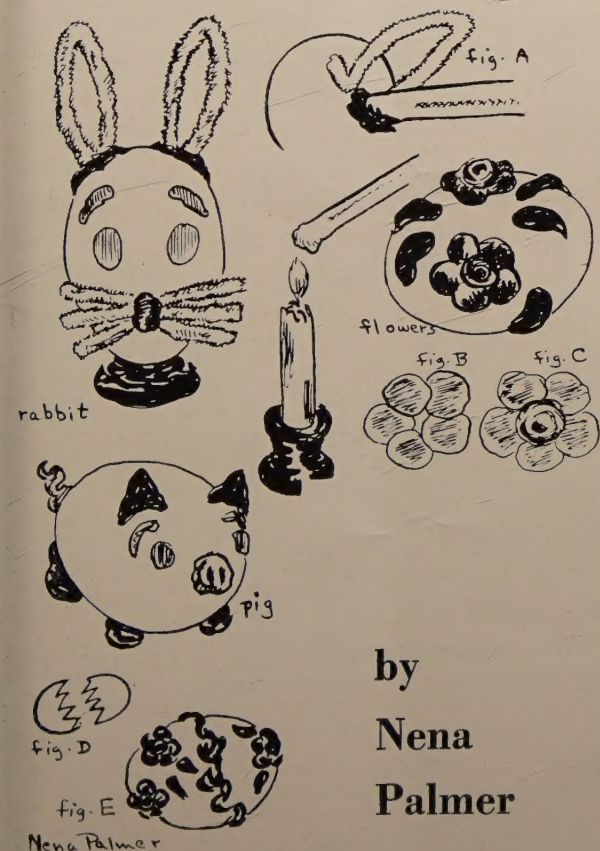
The pig should also be made of a yellow or tan egg, though colored ones are all right, too. Build his four feet with several colored layers, as you did the rabbit's collar, first putting on a dab, then another and another, shaping the foot while the mass is still soft. The nose also is built up in two or three layers, and smashed flat with your finger before it dries. The ears are pinched up in the same way. With very little practice, you will soon be an expert at modeling the soft wax! The pig's legs can be yellow or gold, his ears and nose red, and his eyes and brows blue. You can experiment with other colors.

The flower egg is a very pretty one, decorated with roses and leaves. A bright blue egg can have silver or gold roses and dark blue leaves; a bright pink egg is pretty with red roses and gold or silver leaves. Once you've made a few, you'll want to try other color combinations.

The rose is built up as in the figs. B and C, first putting on five soft dots for the petals, as in fig. B, then when these are hard, adding the swirled-up center. This center is best done by heating the whole end of the stick of wax slowly, then holding it against the petals until the stick has begun to cool. Then twist the stick around and around in the mass for a swirl effect. The leaves are simply dots and strokes.

Fig. D shows a broken egg which is filled with a gift, and then fitted back together. The break is completely covered with a ribbon-like series of wax blobs, as shown in fig. E. It is then decorated with the same patterns, in this case with flowers.

There's no end to the possibilities nor fun of giving these very different Easter egg.



by  
Nena  
Palmer



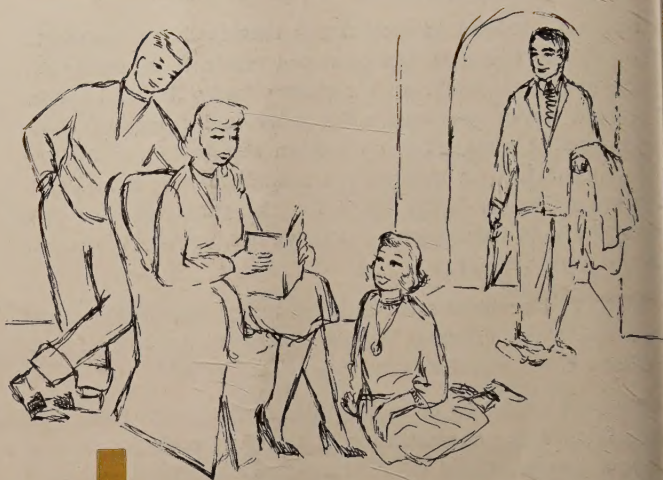
# news

For families who want  
something more than an  
ordinary magazine in  
their home

# Hearthstone

## Family Week

May 6 to May 12



As a reader of HEARTHSTONE, you know how much this fine monthly magazine has to offer Christian families. With the observance of Family Week coming next month, local church leaders and individuals have a wonderful opportunity to spread the influence of HEARTHSTONE and to improve home reading.

Many of your fellow church members have never seen this Christian family magazine; others have never heard of it. During Family Week why don't you introduce HEARTHSTONE in your Sunday morning class, women's or men's group; give copies to cheer shut-ins; and give it to the newly-weds or those new to the community or church. Exert every effort to put HEARTHSTONE in every church home. Let's make the most of this opportunity.

Write for free samples and circulars to distribute in your church. Then, order five or more quarterly consignments to sell. Remember, when you order this way, you pay only 20 cents per monthly issue of HEARTHSTONE, and individual copies may be sold for 25 cents giving your group a profit of 5 cents per sale. Unsold copies may be returned for full credit. You may also want to encourage yearly subscriptions. All new subscriptions will be honored at \$2.50 each per year.

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